

PRINTED FOR THE MALONE SOCIETY BY
HORACE HART M.A., AT THE
OXFORD UNIVERSITY
PRESS

THE TRAGEDY OF CAESAR'S REVENGE

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS

1911

This reprint of *Caesar's Revenge* has been prepared by F. S. Boas with the assistance of the General Editor.

Oct. 1911.

W W. Greg.

Plays on the subject of Caius Julius are so numerous that some difficulty arises in properly distinguishing the titles. In the case of the piece here reprinted the first title, which is also the head title, suggests a play of Chapman's, while the running title is the traditional property of William Shakespeare. It seems, therefore, best that it should become known by the name which appears second on the title-page. And, indeed, there is reason to suppose that it was this title that the piece originally bore, for the entry in the Registers of the Stationers' Company runs as follows:

vº Iunij [1606]

Entred for their Copies vnder the handes of Master Doctor Couell John Wright
and the wardens A booke called Iulius Caesars reuenge . vj^d and Nathanael
[Arber's Transcript, III. 323.] fossbrook

The edition that followed upon this entry was undated, but probably appeared before the end of the year. It bore Wright's name and address as stationer, and the initials and device of George Eld as printer. It was a quarto printed in roman type of a body similar to modern pica (20 ll. = 83 mm.). Of this original issue copies survive in the Dyce Library at South Kensington and in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire. In other copies the original title-leaf has been cancelled and replaced by a reprint. This, which is dated 1607, bears the names of both stationers, and a different address, which is presumably Fosbrook's. The printer's initials have been omitted, and, more important, his device has made way for the note 'Priuately acted by the Studentes of Trinity Colledge in Oxford'. The original type had already been distributed, and not only the title, but also the list of personae on the verso of the leaf, was reset.

Why Fosbrook should have been originally forgotten, as it would seem he was, and his portion of the stock provided with a title-page which is evidently of the nature of an afterthought, there is nothing to show. Copies of this second issue are in the Bodleian Library at Oxford and the British Museum. All the copies mentioned are perfect, and for the purpose of the present reprint those in the British Museum, Bodleian and Dyce libraries have been collated throughout. The two former are in substantial agreement: the Dyce copy has both formes of sheet A in an uncorrected state. there is a curious progressive error at l 2481.

No record of performance survives to corroborate the information supplied by the second title-page, but from internal evidence it may be supposed to have taken place some years before publication, the style of the play being modelled on those popular in the last decade of the sixteenth century, especially *Tamburlaine* and the *Spanish Tragedie*. The complete absence of comic relief, and the exceptional number of recondite classical allusions, are in favour of the academic origin of the play, and this is perhaps further evidenced by the fact that the source, upon which the anonymous author drew, appears to have been, not Plutarch, but Appian's *Bellum Civile*. Appian alone (book II, chapters 113 and 117) names Bucolianus among Caesar's murderers, though Cicero mentions him twice in his letters to Atticus as Bucilianus. There is also one local reference to connect the play with Oxford, in the lines put into Caesar's mouth.

And *Isis* wept to see her daughter *Thames*,
Chainge her cleere cristall, to vermilian sad.

(ll 1278-9.)

The text of the play presents a good many difficulties, and in some places there is reason to suspect more or less serious lacunae. The classical names too are often badly corrupted, and the punctuation is the worst conceivable. There is a division into acts and scenes, but it neither follows a consistent principle, nor exhibits a correct numbering. A new division on the ordinarily accepted principles of the English stage has therefore been introduced in the margin. This has necessitated a somewhat minute consideration of exits and entrances, and a special list of necessary stage directions has been added below after the usual list of irregular readings.

A list of personae is given in the original on the verso of the title-leaf. The only omission is that of a Lord who has a part in several scenes.

The thanks of the editor are due to the Rev. H. E. D. Blakiston, President of Trinity College, Oxford, for information to the effect that no references to plays are traceable in the account books of the College, unless a payment of 6s. 6d. for a 'spectaculum in festo Trinitatis' in 1565 can be so interpreted. A similar debt is owing to Mr. J. P. Maene, librarian to the Duke of Devonshire, for information as to the readings of the copy of the original issue of the play preserved at Chatsworth.

LIST OF IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS

The punctuation of the original is so erratic as to make it impossible to record all irregularities. The following are particularly frequent. comma or semi-colon for period, especially at the end of a speech, period or other stop for query-mark, colon or, less frequently, semi-colon where at most a comma is needed. As a rule only those cases have been noticed which would be likely to cause difficulty to a reader who had the above points in mind.

A 1 ^v <i>Casca.</i> (<i>Casca</i> 1607)	182 c.w. Here (183 Heere)
<i>Augur.</i> (<i>Augur</i> 1607)	192 wounding
<i>Senators.</i> (<i>Senators.</i> 1607)	203 T'was
<i>Octavian.</i> (<i>Actavian</i> 1607)	215 babish
<i>Camber.</i> (both)	216 found (found.)
11 which (what)	219 lo ioyfull, lo
14 her (? his)	227 boucher'd
20 field	237 ftange
25 Heauens. O (Heauens, O)	247 eternally
31 sig. A 2 (B 2 <i>Dyce only</i>)	252 c.w. Whilft (253 Whil't)
32 Vomit (vomit)	261 Thee (? Flee)
ills (? ills.)	blood (blood.)
34 Be	262 thirft. (thirft,)
44 shild	263 goaring
46 greatneffe. (? greatneffe ;)	277 <i>Romaine</i> , (<i>Romaine</i>)
55 priaizd (<i>i. e.</i> valued)	288 when as
59 fwaye. (fwaye,)	308 When as
87 When as	324 Temple (<i>Tempe</i>)
98 liung (liung <i>Dyce only</i>)	325 waues, (waues.)
108 ouerthrowne,	335 <i>Scythia</i>
(ou erthrowne, <i>B.M.</i> ,	344 freedon,
<i>Devon.</i>)	349 vnderriuing
132 a sleepe	354 fall :
136 a waite	357 blast,
143 biffe. (blisse.)	363 dol-full
148 beare. (beare,)	410 they (thy)
149 Wihch (Which)	411 Soule. (<i>point doubtful, read</i>
163 ftarrs. (ftarrs,)	Soule,)
167 remououe	412 What (? That)
169 haue. (haue—)	413 <i>Labians</i>
171 this, (<i>i. e.</i> thus,)	430 petition. (petition,)
175 a misse,	432 permit,
182 farwell, then (farwell	434 Some what
then,)	450 turnde, (turnde)

460 with,out
 468 fhue (fue)
 474 grieve. (grieve,)
 c.w. VWhich (475 Which)
 494 handmayde, forth
 (handmayde forth,)
 498 hath
 508 wounding
 513 poastes. (poastes)
 514 name, (name.)
 515 bring. (bring)
 519 pearles. (pearles)
 527 beheld (behold)
 535 althings
 fees. (fees)
 542 *But.* (? *Ant.*)
 544 *Cæsa,*
 549 thee (the)
 cut, (cut)
 561 weaud (? weand *B.M.*
only)
 567 fized (fixed)
 568 ouer (? euer)
 576 *Neptunus*
 598 *Piramids.* (*Piramids,*)
 602 *Gnidas* (*Gnidus*)
 609 *Antho.* (*Dis.*)
 617 Iollity. (Iollity,)
 620 *Setorius* (*Sertorius*)
 621 ouerthrowe.(ouerthrowe,)
 622 *Nepoune*
 627 waight,
 bliffe. (bliffe,)
 628 haue. (haue,)
 633 night. (night,)
 634 plauges
 642 SCENA 4.
 646 they
 felfe. (felfe)
 652 like wife
Ptolomers
 gould. (gould,)
 655 made. (made,)
 670 wordly
 699 a vaile

704 foueraignty.
 (foueraignty,)
 708 Men. (Men,)
 709 enterlaynd, (entertaynd.)
 713 Earth. (Earth,)
 725 fway (fway) .
 734. a non,
 751-2 (*lacuna*?)
 763 letter pattens
 784 if, (if)
 786 a like,
 807 cease. (cease,)
 818 graue. (graue,)
 826 Alacke (Alike)
 828 a like
 829 causer which (? causer,
 mine)
 835 perplexed
 838 be hould
 848 Queene, (Queene.)
 851 framd. (framd,)
 864 prefest.
 874 instruments.
 (instruments,)
 883 *Nemean*
 885 of (of)
 891 Be fides
 893 *Alcionus*
 899 ofall
 head, (head.)
 900 *Phæbus*
 902 independent
 913 *Spicery,* (?)
 914 *Nardus*
 924 Queenc, (Queene)
 925 ofhirs
 936 speech (speech.)
 947 *Camber* (*Cimber*)
 960 *Cæf.* (*Caf.*)
 969 tale. (tale,)
 971 blood, (blood.)
 989 *Cam.* (*Cim.*)
 991 *Cum.* (990 c.w. *Cam.*)
 996 *Cibills*
 verfe. (verfe)

1003	sepulcher. (sepulcher,)	1260	Ouer- (? Euer,)
1012	praife	1262	exquies
1014	bespent (? besprent)	1263	<i>Ioue.</i> (<i>Ioue,</i>)
1022	<i>Romaine,</i> (<i>Romaines,</i>)	1264	fame. (fame,)
1025	<i>Gic.</i>	1265	<i>Hydasspis,</i>
1027	borne	1270	Whereby (Were by) resistles, (resistles) powers (? power)
1050	learne; (learne,)	1276	<i>Robdans</i>
1051	althings	1278	<i>Thames.</i> (<i>Thames</i>)
1053	blessings	1283	greefe (greefe,)
1059	Counrries	1318	Afrigted
1075	nor (not)	1321	winde (? minde)
1082	<i>Hilias</i> (<i>Allias</i>) fight: (? fight <i>B.M. only</i>)	1322	on (<i>i.e.</i> one)
1103	flay (ftay)	1329	uy
1108	Countries: (Countries)	1335	one (<i>i.e.</i> on)
1111	<i>Sene.</i>	1361	the (thee)
1118	it (it.) vfe, (vfe)	1364	receiue (? reuiue)
1121	vertues (? vertue) brunt's,	1389	perfumption.
1137	me (me ²)	1423	by (ly)
1149	<i>Adastria</i> (<i>Adraftia</i>) Queene. (Queene,)	1426	lotheth (? bodeth)
1159	fleepe. (fleepe,)	1429	ACT. 2.
1161	die, (die.)	1430	<i>Anthony</i> (<i>Anthony,</i>) <i>Lords,</i> (? <i>Lord,</i>)
1162	paintcd	1431	<i>Pharthia</i>
1182	backes. (backes,)	1432	<i>Cæsars</i> (? <i>Craffus</i>)
1196	<i>Lords,</i> (? <i>Lord,</i>)	1438	<i>Armenians</i> <i>Medians</i>
1198	a fore,	1448	troopes. (troopes,)
1201	be-hind past. (past,)	1462	victorye. (victorye,)
1203	triump (trump)	1467	there by
1205	witner (witnes)	1468	spur. (spur)
1207	it bound it	1472	selfe (? selfe's)
1208	<i>Phægiean</i> (<i>Phlegraean</i>)	1474	will (? well)
1209	<i>Tropheus</i> (<i>Trophies</i>)	1479	euerdaring (? ouerdaring)
1213	Pompeous	1481-2	(<i>lacuna</i> ?)
1218	crowne, (crowne.)	1486	or (are)
1221	onmy	1491	fame. (fame)
1222	beare. (beare)	1494	Pincely
1229	<i>Africans,</i>	1498	liberty. (liberty,)
1234	starre. (starre)	1522	<i>Cumber</i> (? <i>Cimber,</i>)
1237	Gouerneffe. (Gouerneffe,)	1539	mis boding
1246	<i>Æmelius,</i>	1577	quench-les
1258	<i>Romulus.</i> (<i>Romulus,</i>)	1582	a peerce

1604 T'was
 1613 hap (hap.)
 1619 Bec (?)
 1623 fore-cast, (fore-cast)
 1633-4 (?) *lacuna*
 1637 fteeps
 1638 threeatning
 1643 bale full
 1649 bale-full
 1650 confort. In (confort, in)
 1657 Dre ame
 which (with)
 1662 *Pre.* (i.e. *Præcentor.*)
 1665 ilde
 1666 Thout
 a non
 1670 anon, (anon.)
 1673 nigh. (nigh.)
 1674 house- (?)
 1676 fits, (fits?)
 1677 daunger (daunger,)
 1693 (?) *lacuna*
 1700 Aloud
 1702 *Cum. . . . Cumber*
 1704 (*not indented*)
 1718 yout (your)
 1719 plague
 1730 geeue
 1731 liues. (liues)
 1735 ambition, (ambition)
 1742 fee (fee?)
 1751 heard
 1761 a mong
 ftarrs. (ftarrs)
 1763 *Cæsar*, (*Cæsar*)
 1771 *Anthony.* (*Anthony*)
 1774 a laromes,
 1793 in great (?) ingrate)
 1804 more (more,)
 fongs. (fongs,)
 1809 *Hearse Calphurnia* (*Hearse,*
 Calphurnia,)
 1829 deathes,
 1836 (*not indented*)
 1846 they (thy)

1855 Commonwealth.
 (Commonwealth,)
 1857 Vntucht. (Vntucht,)
 1859 e ndles (e nd les *B.M.*
 only)
 1864 yeares. (yeares')
 1865 vnconquered;
 (vnconquered,)
 1899 *Romains* (?) *Romes*)
 1902 foundes,
 1905 halted
 1906 found,
 1909 tombe: (e *doubtful*)
 1924 pytiyng
 1925 fore
 1929 *Syre,*
 1971 *Mirapont.*
 1972 ACT. 3. SCE. 1.
 1979 life. (life)
 1981 heauens. (?)
 1992 *Alcides*
 1999 *Spayne* (*Spayne,*)
 2004 auaylesthis
 2005 hand. (hand)
 2008 Crest. (Crest,)
 2019 *on* (*one*)
 2025 *Iberian*
 2030 war-faire (warfare)
 2038 warie-faire
 (warre faire)
 2039 Stike
 2046 for got
 2055 Fathers
 2063 hate. (hate)
 2067 a rise
 2068 vnquenced
 2071 comfort (?) confort)
 2078 youth full
 2090 vovd',
 2093 Dieties
 2100 *Gradius* (*Gradius*)
 2101 ouerburning
 (euerburning)
 2102 *Carpeian* (*Tarpeian*)
 2114 *Stremonia,* (?) *Strymon*)

- 2122 -men (-man)
 2136-7 (? *lacuna*)
 2155 *Lyeas* (*Lycus*)
 2157 *Turfos*
 2164 (And *Dolabella* [And
 Dolabella ()
 fpoyles. (fpoyles) #
 2192 *Numantia*. (*Numantia*,)
 2209 *Gradinus* (*Gradiuntis*)
 2213 lues.) [?]
 2221 Strengthen
 2232 acts. (acts)
 2252 eur
 2272 flaine. (flaine)
 2274 Behould (Beheld)
 fiends. (fiends)
 2276 vpbraues
 2283 In (in)
 2291 Comegreesly
 2309 earth. (earth,)
 c.w. with (With)
 2313 ire. (ie,)
 2318 *Cæsars* (*Brutus*)
 2324 expiate. *Altheas* come.
 (? expiate *Altheas* crime.)
 2337 power
- 2338 extols. (extols,)
 2346 c.w. Where (*Caff.* Where)
 2356-7 (? *reversed*)
 2363 *Echalarian*
 2366 Then yet (? *alternatives*)
 2371 cruell (*turned n for u*)
 2375 foyled:
 2411 accurf'd (*space before d*
 but apostrophe doubtful)
 2422 breath² (? breathe,)
 2470 come (come,)
 friend (friend;)
 2481 comfort rings. *B.M. and*
 Bodl.: comfort gs.
 Devon. comfort gs.
 Dyce read comfort
 brings.
 2498 bce. (bee,)
 2500 life. (life;)
 2517 a round
 2522 candleffe
 vpon. (? vpon,)
 2533 The (the)
 2552 But (? Nor)
 2559 *Elysium*

ADDITIONAL STAGE DIRECTIONS

37	Exit Discord.	2109	2 Exit Ghost.
331	Exeunt.	2125	Exeunt.
366	Exeunt.	2149	Exit Discord.
481	Enter Anthony.	2269	Exeunt: manet Brutus.
606	Exeunt.	2315	Exit Ghost.
641	Exit Discord.	2328	Exit Brutus.
765	Exeunt.	2346	Cato dies.
1520	Exeunt.		Enter Cassius.
1684	Exit Caesar.	2382	Exit Cassius.
1692	Exit Cassius.	2433	Exit Titinnius.
	Enter the Senate.	2471	Cassius stabs himself.
1739	2 Exeunt.	2501	Titinnius stabs himself.
1788	Exit Discord.	2525	2 Brutus stabs himself.
1810	Enter Lord.	2570	Exeunt.
1971	Exeunt.		

It is possible that Cassius should be marked as entering with the others at l. 947 and that the speeches of II. iv marked *Cas.* belong to him and not to Casca.

The thanks of the Society are due to His Grace the Duke of Devonshire for kind permission to reproduce the title-page of the undated quarto in his possession.

THE TRAGEDIE

OF

Cæsar and Pompey

OR

CÆSARS
Revenge.



AT LONDON

Imprinted by *G. E.* for *John Wright*, and are to bee
sould at his shop at Christ-church Gate.

THE
T R A G E D I E
OF
Cæsar and Pompey.
OR
C Æ S A R S
Revenge.

Privately acted by the Students of Trinity
Colledge in Oxford.

AT LONDON
Imprinted for Nathaniel Fosbrooke and John Wright, and are
to be sould in Paules Church-yard at the
signe of the Helmet.

1607.
1608
-1609
1610
1611
1612
1613
1614
1615.

The Tragedie of Cæsar and Pompey.

Sound alarm when flames of fire.

Enter Discord.

HEArke how the *Romaine* drums sound bloud & death,
And *Mars* ligh mounted on his *Thracian* Steeds:
Runs madding through *Pharfalias* purple fieldes.
The earth that's wont to be a Tombe for Men
It's now entomb'd with Carkases of Men.
The Heauen appal'd to see such hideous sights,
For feare puts out her euer burning lights.
The Gods amaz'd (as once in *Titus* war,)
Do doubt and feare, which boades this deadly iar.
The starrs do tremble, and forsake their course,
The *Beare* doth hide her in forbidden Sea,
Feare makes *Bootes* swiften her slowe pace,
Pale is *Orion*, *Atlas* gins to quake,
And his vniwildy burthen to forsake.
Cæsars keene *Falchion*, through the *Aduerse* raukes,
For his sterne Master hewes a passage out,
Through troupes & troonkes, & Steele, & standing blood:
He whose poud Trophies whileom *Asia* field,
And conquered *Pontus*, singe his lasting praise.
Great *Pompey*, Great, while Fortune did him raise,
Nowe vailes the glory of his vantage plumes
And to the ground casts of his high hang'd lookes,
You gentle Heauens, O execute your wrath
On vile mortality, that hath scornd your powers,
You night borne Sisters to whose haire are ty'd
In Adamantine Chaines both Gods and Men
Winde on your webbe of mischiefe and of plagues,
And if, O starres you haue an influence:
That may confounde this high erected heape

A 3

Downe

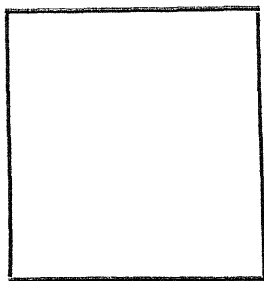
THE
T R A G E D I E

OF

Cæsar and Pompey

OR

C Æ S A R S
Reuenge.



AT LONDON

Imprinted by *G E* for *Iohn Wright*, and are to bee
fould at his shop at Chrift-church Gate.

The names of the Actors.

Discora.

<i>Titinnius</i>	<i>Roman</i> 1
<i>Brutus.</i>	<i>Roman</i> 2
<i>Pompey</i>	<i>Bonus Genius.</i>
<i>Cæsar.</i>	<i>Calphurnia.</i>
<i>Anthony</i>	<i>Augur.</i>
<i>Dolobella.</i>	<i>Præcentor.</i>
<i>Cornelia.</i>	<i>Senators</i>
<i>Cleopatra.</i>	<i>Bucolian.</i>
<i>Achillas.</i>	<i>Octavian.</i>
<i>Sempronius</i>	<i>Cæsars Ghost.</i>
<i>Cassius.</i>	<i>Cicero.</i>
<i>Cato Sen.</i>	<i>Cato Jun.</i>
<i>Casca.</i>	<i>Camber.</i>

The Tragedie of Cæsar and Pompey.

Sound alarum then flames of fire.

Chor I

Enter Discord

HEarke how the *Romaine* drums sound bloud & death,
And *Mars* high mounted on his Thracian Steede :
Runs madding through *Pharfalias* purple fieldes.
The earth that's wont to be a Tombe for Men
It's now entomb'd with Carkases of Men.
The Heauen appal'd to see such hideous fights,
For feare puts out her euer burning lights.
The Gods amaz'd (as once in *Titans* war,)
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In Adamantine Chaines both Gods and Men
Winde on your webbe of mischiefe and of plagues,
And if, O starres you haue an influence :
That may confounde this high erected heape

10

20

30

The Tragedy

Downe powre it ; Vomit out your worst of ills
Let *Rome*, growne proud, with her vnconquered strength,
Perish and conquered Be with her owne strength :
And win all powers to disioyne and breake,
Consume, confound, dissolve, and discipate
What Lawes, Armes and Pride hath raised vp

Act 1
sc. 1

Enter Titinius

Tit The day is lost our hope and honours lost,
40 The glory of the *Romaine* name is lost,
The liberty and commonweale is lost,
The Gods that whileom heard the *Romaine* state,
And *Quirinus*, whose strong puissant arme,
Did shield the tops and turrets of proud *Rome*,
Do now conspire to wracke the gallant Ship,
Euen in the harbor of her wished greatnesse
And her gay streamers, and faire wauering sayles,
With which the wanton wind was wont to play,
To drowne with Billows of orewhelming woes

50

Enter Brutus

Bru The Foe preuayles, *Brutus*, thou striuest in vaine.
Many a soule to day is sent to Hell,
And many a galant haue I don to death,
In *Pharsalias* bleeding Earth: the world can tell,
How litle *Brutus* praizd this puffe of breath,
If losse of that my countries weale might gaine,
But Heauens and the immortall Gods decreed:
That *Rome* in highest of her fortunes pich,
In top of souerainty and imperiall swaye
60 By her owne height should worke her owne decay

Enter Pompey

Pom Where may I fly into some desert place,
Some vncouth, vnfrequented craggy rocke,
Where as my name and state was neuer heard
I flie the Batle because here I see,
My friends lye bleeding in *Pharsalias* earth
Which do remember me what earst I was,
Who brought such troopes of soldiars to the felde,
And of so many thousand had command:

My

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

My flight a heauy memory doth renew,70
Which tels me I was wont to stay and winne.

But now a souldier of my scatred traine:
Offered me seruice and did call me Lord,
O then I thought whome rising Sunne saw high,
Descending he beheld my misery:

Flie to the holow roote of some steepe rocke,
And in that flinty habitation hide,
Thy wofull face: from face and view of men.
Yet that will tell me this, if naught beside:

Pompey was neuer wont his head to hide80
Flie where thou wilt, thou bearst about thee smart,
Shame at thy heeles and greefe lies at thy heart.

Tit. But see *Titinius* where two warriors stand,
Casting their eyes downe to the cheareles earthe:
Alasse to soone I know them for to bee

Pompey and *Brutus*, who like *Ajax* stand,
When as forsooke of Fortune mong'rt his foes,
Greife stopt his breath nor could he speake his woes,

Pom. Accursed *Pompey*, loe thou art descried.
But stay; they are thy friends that thou behouldest,90
O rather had I now haue met my foes: (woes

Whose daggers poynts might straight haue pierced my
Then thus to haue my friends behold my shame.
Reproch is death to him that liu'd in Fame,

Bru. *Brutus* Cast vp thy discontented looke:
And see two Princes thy two noble friends,
Who though it greeues me that I thus them see,
Yet ioy I to bee seene they liuing be. *He speakes vnto them.*
Let not the change of this succesles fight,

(O noble Lords,) dismay these daunteles mindes,100
Which the faire vertue not blind chance doth rule,
Cæsar not vs subdued hath, but *Rome*,
And in that fight twas best be ouerthrowne.
Thinke that the Conqueror hath won but smale,
Whose victory is but his Countries fal,

Pom. O Noble *Brutus*, can I liue and see,
My Souldiars dead, my friends lie flaine in field,

The Tragedy

- My hopes cast downe, mine Honors ouerthrowne,
My Country subiect to a Tirants rule,
110 My foe triumphing and my selfe forlorne.
Oh had I perished in that prosperous warre
Euen in mine Honors height, that happy day,
When *Mithridates* fall did rayse my fame:
Then had I gonne with Honor to my graue.
But *Pompey* was by envious heauens referu'd,
Captiue to followe *Cæsars* Chariot wheelles
Riding in triumph to the Capitol:
And *Rome* oft grac'd with Trophies of my fame,
Shall now resound the blemish of my name.
- 120 *Bru.* Oh what disgrace can taunt this worthinesse,
Of which remaine such living monuments
Ingrauen in the eyes and hearts of men.
Although the oppression of distressed *Rome*
And our owne ouerthrow, might well drawe forth,
Distilling teares from faynting cowards eyes,
Yet should no weake effeminate passion sease
Vpon that man, the greatnesse of whose minde
And not his Fortune made him term'd the Great.
- Pom.* Oh I did neuer tast mine Honours sweete
130 Nor now can iudge of this my sharpest sowe.
Fifty eight yeares in Fortunes sweete soft lap
Haue I beene lul'd a sleepe with pleasant ioyes,
Me hath she dandled in her foulding Armes,
And fed my hopes with prosperous euentes:
Shee Crownd my Cradle with successe and Honour,
And shall disgrace a waite my haples Hearse?
Was I a youth with Palme and Lawrell girt,
And now an ould man shall I waite my fall?
Oh when I thinke but on my triumphs past,
140 The Consul-ships and Honours I haue borne;
The fame and feare where in great *Pompey* liu'd,
Then doth my griued Soule informe me this,
My fall augmented by my former bisse.
- Bru.* Why do we vse of vertues strength to vant,

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

If euery crosse a Noble mind can daunt,
Wee talke of courage, then, is courage knowne,
When with mishap our state is ouerthrowne:
Neuer let him a Souldiers Title beare.
Wihch in the cheefest brunt doth shrinke and feare,
Thy former haps did Men thy vertue shew,
But now that fayles them which thy vertue knew,
Nor thinke this conquest shalbe *Pompeys* fall:
Or that *Pharsalia* shall thine honour bury,
Egypt shalbe vnpeopled for thine ayde.
And Cole-black *Libians*, shall manure the grounde
In thy defence with bleeding hearts of men.

150

Pom. O second hope of sad oppressed *Rome*,
In whome the ancient *Brutus* vertue shines,
That purchast first the *Romaine* liberty,
Let me imbrace thee: liue victorious youth,
When death and angry fates shall call me hence,
To free thy country from a Tyrants yoke
My harder fortune, and more cruell starrs
Enuied to me so great a happines
Do not prolong my life with vaine false hopes,
To deepe dispaire and sorrow I am vow'd:
Do not remououe me from that setled thought,
With hope of friends or ayde of *Ptolomey*,
Egypt and *Libia* at choyse I haue
But onely which of them Ile make my graue.

160

170

Tit. Tis but discomfort which misgreeues thee this,
Greefe by dispaire seemes greater then it is,

Brut. Tis womannish to wayle and mone our greefe,
By Industrie do wise men seeke releefe,
If that our casting do fall out a misse,
Our cunning play must then correct the dice.

Pom. Well if it needs must bee then let me goe,
Flying for ayde vnto my forrayne friends,
And sue and bow, where earst I did command.
He that goeth seeking of a Tirant aide,
Though free he went, a seruant then is made.
Take we our last farwell, then though with paine,

180

Here

The Tragedy

Heere three do part that ne're shall meet againe.

*Exit Pompey at on dore, Titinius at
another. Brutus alone*

ACTVS ^fI. SCENA 2.

Enter Cæsar

Cæs. Follow your chafe, and let your light-foote steedes
Flying as swift as did that winged horse
190 That with strong feathered *Pinions* cloue the Ayre,
Or'take the coward flight of your base foe.

Bru. Do not with-drawe thy mortall woundring blade,
But sheath it *Cæsar* in my wounded heart:
Let not that heart that did thy Country wound
Feare to lay *Brutus* bleeding on the ground
Thy fatall stroke of death shall more mee glad,
Then all thy proud and Pompous victories;
My funerall Cypresse, then thy Lawrell Crowne,
My mournefull Beere shall winne more Praise and Fame
200 Then thy triumphing Sun-bright Chariot.
Heere in these fatall fieldes let *Brutus* die,
And beare so many Romaines company.

Cæsa T'was not 'gainst thee this fatall blade was drawne
Which can no more pierce *Brutus* tender sides
Then mine owne heart, or ought then heart more deere,
For all the wronges thou didst, or strokes thou gau'lt
Cæsar on thee will take no worse reuenge,
Then bid thee still commande him and his state:
True settled loue can neere bee turn'd to hate

210 *Brut.* To what a pitch would this mans vertues fore,
Did not ambition clog his mounting fame,
Cæsar thy sword hath all blisse from me taine
And giuest me life where best were to be flaine.
O thou hast robd me of my chiefeest ioy,
And seek'lt to please me with a babish toye. *Exit Brutus.*

Cæs. *Cæsar Pharsalia* doth thy conquest sound
Ioues welcom messenger faire Victory,

Hath

of *Iulius Cæsar*

Hath Crown'd thy temples with victorious bay,
And Io ioyfull, Io doth she sing
And through the world thy lasting prayfes ring. 220
But yet amidst thy gratefull melody
I heare a hoarse, and heauy dolfull voyce,
Of my deare Country crying, that to day
My Glorious triumphs worke her owne decay.
In which how many fatall strokes I gae,
So many woundes her tender brest receiu'd.
Heere lyeth one that's boucher'd by his Sire
And heere the Sonne was his old Fathers death,
Both flew vnknowing, both vnknowne are flaine,
O that ambition should such mischiefe worke 230
Or meane Men die for great mens proud desire.

ACT V S. I. SCENA 3.

Enter Anthony, Dolabella, Lord and others

An. From sad *Pharfalia* blushing al with bloud,
From deaths pale triumphes, *Pompey* ouerthrowne,
Romains in forraine foyles, brething their last,
Reuenge, strange wars and dreadfull stratagems,
Wee come to set the Lawrell on thy head
And fill thy eares with triumphs and with ioyes
Dolo As when that *Hector* from the *Grecian* campe 240
With spoiles of slaughtered *Argians* return'd,
The *Trojan* youths with crownes of conquering palme:
The *Phrigian* Virgins with faire flowry wrethes
Welcom'd the hope, and pride of *Ilium*,
So for thy victory and conquering actes
Wee bring faire wreths of Honor & renowne,
Which shall eternally thy head adorne.

Lord. Now hath thy sword made passage for thy selfe,
To wade in bloud of them that fought thy death,
The ambitious riuall of thine Honors high, 250
Whose mightinesse earst made him to be feard
Now flies and is enforc'd to giue thee place.

The Tragedy

Whil'ft thou remain'ft the conquering *Hercules*
Triumphing in thy fpoyles and victories.

Cæf. When *Phæbus* left faire *Thetis* watery couch,
And peeping forth from out the goulden gate
Of his bright pallace, faw our battle rank'd:
Oft did hee feeke to turne his fiery fteedes,
Oft hid his face, and fhund fuch tragick fights
260 What ftranger paffeft euer by this coft
Thee this accurfed foyle diffainde with blood
Not Chrifftall riuers, are to quench thy thirft
For goaring ftreames, their riuers cleerenefle ftaines:
Heere are no hils wherewith to feede thine eyes,
But heaped hils of mangled Carkafes,
Heere are no birdes to pleafe thee with their notes:
But rauenous Vultures, and night Rauens horfe.

Anto What meanes great *Cæfar*, droopes our generall,
Or melts in womanifh compaffion:
270 To fee *Pharfalias* fieldes to change their hewe
And filuer ftreames be turn'd to lakes of blood?
Why *Cæfar* oft hath facrific'd in *France*,
Millions of Soules, to *Plutoes* grisly dames:
And made the changed coloured *Rhene* to blufh,
To beare his bloody burthen to the fea.
And when as thou in mayden *Albion* shore
The *Romane*, *Ægle* brauely didft aduance,
No hand payd greater tribute vnto death,
No heart with more couragious Noble fire
280 And hope, did burne with glorious great intent.
And now fhall paffion bafe that Noble minde,
And weake euent that courage ouercome?
Let *Pompey* proud, and *Pompeys* Complices
Die on our fwords, that did enuie our liues,
Let pale *Tyſiphone* be cloyd with bloud:
And fnaky furies quench their longing thirft,
And *Cæſar* liue to glory in their end.

Cæſ. They fay when as the younger *Affrican*,
Beheld the mighty Carthage wofull fall:
290 And ſawe her ſtately Towers to ſmoke from farre,

of *Iulius Cæſar*.

He wept, and princely teares ran downe his cheekes,
Let pity then and true compaſſion,
Moue vs to rue no traterous *Carthage* fall,
No barbarous periurd enemies decay,
But *Rome* our natie Country, hailes *Rome*,
Whofe bowels to vngently we haue peerc'd,
Faire pride of *Europe*, Miſtreſſe of the world,
Cradle of vertues, nurſe of true renowne,
Whome *Ioue* hath plac'd in top of ſeauen hills:
That thou the lower worldes ſeauen climes mightſt rule 300
Thee the proud *Parthian* and the cole-black *Moore*,
The ſterne *Tartarian*, borne to manage armes,
Doth feare and tremble at thy Maieſty.
And yet I bred and foſtered in thy lappe,
Durſt ſtriue to ouerthrowe thy Capitol:
And thy high Turrets lay as low as hell.

Dolo. O *Rome*, and haue the powers of Heauen decreed,
When as thy fame did reach vnto the Skie,
And the wide *Ocean* was thy Empires boundes,
And thou enricht with ſpoyles of all the world, 310
Was waxen proud with peace and ſoueraigne raigne:
That Ciuill warres ſhould looſe what Forraine won,
And peace his ioyes, be turn'd to luckles broyles.

Lord. O *Pompey*, curſed cauſe of ciuill warre,
Which of thoſe hel-borne ſterne *Eumenides*:
Inflam'd thy minde with ſuch ambitious fire,
As nought could quench it but thy Countries bloud. ,

Dolo But this no while thy valour doth deſtayne,
Which found'ſt vnſought for cauſe of ciuill broyles,
And fatall fuell which this fire enflamd. 320

Anto. Let then his death ſet period to this ſtriſe,
Which was begun by his ambitious life.

Cæſ. The flying *Pompey* to *Lariſſa* haſtes,
And by *Theſſalian* Temple ſhapes his courſe:
Where faire *Peneus* tumbles vp his waues,
Him weele purſue as faſt as he vs flies,
Nor he though garded with *Numidian* horſe,
Nor ayded with the vnreſiſted powre:

The Tragedy

The *Meroe*, or seauen mouth'd Nile can yeeld:
330 No not all *Affrick* arm'd in his defence
Shall serue to throwd him from my fatall fworde. *Exit*

Act I
sc. 11

ACT. I. SC. 4.

Enter Cato

Ca. O where is banish'd liberty exil'd,
To *Affrick* deserts or to *Scythia* rockes,
Or whereas siluer streaming *Tanais* is?
Happy is *India* and *Arabia* blest,
And all the bordering regions vpon *Nile*
That neuer knew the name of Liberty,
340 But we that boast of *Brutes* and *Colatins*,
And glory we expeld proud *Tarquins* name,
Do greeue to loose, that we so long haue held.
Why reckon we our yeares by Consuls names:
And so long rul'd in freedon, now to serue?
They lie that say in Heauen there is a powre
That for to wracke the finnes of guilty men,
Holds in his hand a fierce three-forked dart.
Why would he throw them downe on *Oëta* mount
Or wound the vndertringing *Rhodope*,
350 And not rayne showers of his dead-doing dartes,
Furor in flame, and Sulphures smothering heate
Vpon the wicked and accur'd armes
That cruell *Romains* 'gainst their Country beare.
Rome ware thy fall: those prodigies foretould,
When angry heauens did powre downe showers of blood
And fatall *Comets* in the heauens did blase,
And all the Statues in the Temple blast,
Did weepe the losse of *Romaine* liberty.
Then if the Gods haue destined thine end,
360 Yet as a Mother hauing lost her Sonne,
Cato shall waite vpon thy tragick hearse,
And neuer leaue thy cold and bloodles corse.
He tune a sad and dol-full funerall song,

Still

of *Julius Cæſar*.

Still crying on loſt liberties ſweete name,
Thy ſacred aſhes will I waſh with teares,
And thus lament my Countreies obſequies.

ACT. I. SC 5.

Act I

ſc iii

Enter Pompey and Cornelia

Cor. O cruel *Pompey* whether wilt thou flye,
And leaue thy poore *Cornelia* thus forlorne,
Is't our bad fortune or thy cruell will
That ſtill it ſeuers in extremity.
O let me go with thee, and die with thee,
Nothing ſhall thy *Cornelia* grieuous thinke
That ſhee endures for her ſweete *Pompeys* ſake.

370

Pom. Tis for thy weale and ſaftey of thy life,
Whoſe ſaftey I preferre before the world,
Be cauſe I loue thee more then all the world,
That thou (ſweete loue) ſhould'ſt heere remaine behinde
Till prooffe affureth *Ptolomyes* doubted faith.

380

Cor. O deereſt, what ſhall I my ſaftey call,
That which is thruſt in dangers harmefull mouth
Lookes not the thing ſo bad with ſuch a name,
Call it my death, my bale, my wo, my hell,
That which indangers my ſweete *Pompeys* life.

Pom. It is no danger (gentle loue) at all,
Tis but thy feare that doth it ſo miſcall.

Cor. Iſt bee no danger let me go with thee,
And of thy ſaftey a partaker bee,
Alas why would'ſt thou leaue mee thus alone:
Thinkſt thou I cannot follow thee by Land
That thus haue followed thee ouer raging Seas,
Or do I varie in inconstant hopes:

390

O but thinke you my pleaſure luckles is
And I haue made thee more vnfortunate.
Tis I, tis I, haue cauſ'd this ouerthrow,
Tis my accursed ſtarres that boade this ill,
And thoſe miſ-fortunes to my princely loue,

The Tragedy

- Reuenge thee *Pompey*, on this wicked brat,
400 And end my woes by ending of my life,
Pom. What meanes 'my loue to aggrauate my grieve,
And torture my enough tormented Soule,
With greater greuance then *Pharſalian* loſſe?
Thy rented hayre doth rent my heart in twayne,
And theſe fayr Seas, that raine downe ſhowers of tears,
Do melt my ſoule in liqued ſtreames of ſorrow.
If that in *Ægypt* any daunger bee,
Then let my death procure thy ſweet liues ſafety,
Cor. Can I bee ſafe and *Pompey* in diſtreſſe,
410 Or may *Cornelia* ſuruiue they death,
What daunger euer happens to my Soule
What daunger eke ſhall happen to my life,
Nor *Libians* quick-fands, nor the barking gulfe,
Or gaping *Scylla* ſhall this Vnion part,
But ſtill Ile chayne thee in my twining armes,
And if I cannot liue Ile die with thee.
Pom. O how thy loue doth eaſe my greeued minde,
Which beares a burthen heauier then the Heauens,
Vnder the which ſteele-ſhouldred Atlas grones
420 But now thy loue doth hurt thy ſelfe and me,
And thy to ardent ſtrong affection,
Hinders my ſetled reſolution.
Then by this loue, and by theſe chriſtall eyes,
More bright then are the Lamps of *Ioues* high houſe,
Let me in this (I feare) my laſt requeſt
Not to indanger thy beloued life,
But in this ſhip remayne, and here awaite,
How Fortune dealeth with our doubtfull State,
Cor. Not ſo perſwaded as coniurd ſweete loue,
430 By thy commanding meeke petition.
I cannot ſay I yeeld, yet am conſtraind,
This neuer meeting parting to permit,
Then go deere loue, yet ſtay a little while,
Some what I am ſhure, tis more I haue to ſay,
Nay nothing now but Heauens guide thy ſteps.
Yet let me ſpeake, why ſhould we part ſo ſoone,

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

Why is my talke tedious? may be tis the last.
Do women leaue their husbands in such hast,

Pom. More faithfull, then that fayre deflowred dame,
That sacrificde her selfe to Chastety,
And far more louing then the *Cæsar* Queene,
That dranke her Husbands neuer fundred heart.

440

If that I dye, yet will it glad my soule,
Which then shall feede on those *Elisian* ioyes,
That in the sacred Temple of thy breast,
My liuing memory shall shrined bee
But if that enuious fates should call thee hence,
And Death with pale and meager looke vsurpe,
Vpon those rosiate lips, and Currall cheekes,
Then Ayre be turnde, to poyson to infect me,
Earth gape and swallow him that Heauens hate,
Consume me Fire with thy deuouring flames,
Or Water drowne, who else would melt in teares.

450

But liue, liue happy still, in safety liue,
Who safety onely to my life can giue. *Exit.*

Cor. O he is gon, go hie thee after him,
My vow forbids, yet still my care is with thee,
My cryes shall wake the siluer Moone by night,
And with my teares I will salute the Morne.
No day shall passe with out my dayly plaints,
No houre without my prayers for thy returne.
My minde misgiues mee *Pompey* is betrayd.

460

O *Ægypt* do not rob me of my loue.
Why beareth *Ptolomy* so sterne a looke?
O do not staine thy childish yeares with blood:
Whil'st *Pompey* florished in his Fortunes pride,
Ægypt and *Ptolomy* were faine to serue
And shue for grace to my distressed Lord:
But little bootes it, to record he was,
To be is onely that which Men respect,
Go poore *Cornelia* wander by the shore
And see the waters raging Billowes swell,
And beate with fury gainst the craggy rockes,
To that compare thy strong tempestuous grieve

470

VVhich

The Tragedy

Which fiercely rageth in thy feeble heart,
Sorrow shuts vp the passage of thy breath:
And dries the teares that pittie faine would shed,
This onely therefore, this will I still crie,
Let *Pompey* liue although *Cornelia* die

Exit.

Act I
sc. IV

ACTVS 1^o.

SCENA. 6.

Enter Cæsar, Cleopatra, Dolabella, Lord and others

- 482 *Cæs* Thy sad complaints fayre Lady cannot chuse,
But moue a heart though made of *Adamant*,
And draw to yeeld vnto thy powerfull plaint,
I will replant thee in the *Egyptian* Throne
And all thy wrongs shall *Cæsars* vallor right,
Ile pull thy crowne from the vsurpers head,
And make the Conquered *Ptolomey* to stoope,
And feare by force to wrong a mayden Queene
- 490 *Cleo.* Looke as the Earth at her great loues approach,
When goulden tressed fayre *Hipperrions* Sonne
With those life-lending beames salutes his Spouse,
Doth then cast of her moorning widdowes weeds,
And calleth her handmayde, forth her flowery fayre,
To cloth her in the beauty of the spring,
And of fayre primroses, and sweet violets,
To make gay Garlonds for to crowne her head.
So hath your presence, welcome and fayre sight,
That glads the world, comforts poore *Egypt*s Queene,
- 500 Who begs for succor of that conquering hand,
That as *Ioues* Scepter this our world doth sway.
Dolo. Who would refuse to ayde so fayre a Queene
Lord. Base bee the mind, that for so sweet a fayre,
Would not aduenture more then *Perseus* did,
When as he freed the faire *Andromeda*.
Cæsar. O how those louely *Tyranizing* eyes,
The Graces beautious habitation,
Where sweet desire, dartes woundring shafts of loue:
Consume my heart with inward burning heate
- 510 Not onely *Egypt* but all *Africa*,

Will

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

Will I subiect to *Cleopatras* name.

Thy rule shall stretch from vnknowne *Zanziber*,
Vnto those Sandes where high effected poastes.

Of great *Alcides*, do vp hold his name,

The sunne burnt Indians, from the east shall bring:

Their pretious store of pure refined gould,

The laboring worrne shall weaue the *Africke* twiste,

And to exceed the pompe of *Persian* Queene,

The Sea shall pay the tribute of his pearles.

For to adorne thy goulden yellow lockes,

520

Which in their curled knots, my thoughts do hold,

Thoughtes captiud to thy beauties conquering power

Anto. I marueyle not at that which fables tell,

How rauisht *Hellen* moued the angry *Greeks*,

To vndertake eleuen yeares tedious seege,

To re-obtayne a beauty so diuine,

When I beheld thy sweete composed face

O onely worthy for whose matchles sake,

Another seege, and new warres should arise,

Hector be dragde about the *Grecian* campe,

530

And *Troy* againe consumed with *Grecian* fire.

Cleo Great Prince, what thanks can *Cleopatra* giue,

Nought haue poore Virgins to requite such good:

My simple selfe and seruice then vouchsafe,

And let the heauens, and he that althings sees

With equall eyes such merits recompence,

I doe not seeke ambitiously to rule,

And in proud *Africa* to monarchize.

I onely craue that what my father gaue,

Who in his last be-hest did dying, will,

540

That I should ioyntly with my brother raigne:

But. How sweet those words drop from those hunny lips

Which whilst she speakes they still each other kisse.

Cæsa, Raigne, I, stil raigne in *Cæsars* conquered thoughts,

There build thy pallace, and thy sun-bright throne:

There sway thy Scepter, and with it beat downe,

Those traiterous thoughts (if any dare aryse:)

That will not yeeld to thy perfection,

The Tragedy

- To chafe thee flying *Pompey* haue I cut,
550 The great *Ionian*, and *Egean* seas:
And dredeles past the tōyling Hellespont,
Famous for amorous *Leanders* death:
And now by gentle Fortunes so am blest,
As to behold what mazed thoughtes admire:
Heauens wonder, Naturēs and Earths Ornament,
And gaze vpon these firy sun-bright eyes:
The Heauenly spheares which Loue and Beauty mooue,
These Cheekes where Lillyes and red-roses striue,
For soueraignty, yet both do equall raigne:
560 The dangling tresses of thy curled haire,
Nets weaud to catch our frayle and wandring thoughts:
Thy beauty shining like proud *Phæbus* face,
When *Ganges* glittereth with his radiant beames
He on his goulden trapped *Palfreys* rides,
That from their nostrels do the morning blow,
Through Heauens great path-way pau'd with shining
Thou art the fized pole of my Soules ioy, (starres)
Bout which my restles thoughts are ouer turn'd:
My *Cynthia*, whose glory neuer waynes,
570 Guyding the Tide of mine affections:
That with the change of thy imperious lookes,
Dost make my doubtfull ioyes to eb and flowe
Cleo. Might all the deedes thy hands had ere achieu'd,
That make thy farre extolled name to sound:
From sun-burnt East vnto the VVestern Iles,
VVhich great *Neptunus* fouldeth in his armes,
It shall not be the least to feat a Maide,
And inthronize her in her natieue right.
Lord. VVhat neede you stand disputing on your right,
580 Or prouing title to the *Ægyptian* Crowne:
Borne to be Queene and Empreffe of the world.
An. On thy perfection let me euer gaze,
And eyes now learne to treade a louers maze,
Heere may you surfet with delicious store,
The more you see, desire to looke the more:
Vpon her face a garden of delite,

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

Exceeding far *Adonis* fayned Bowre,
Heere staine white Lyllies spread their branches faire,
Heere lips send forth sweete Gilly³-flowers smell.
And Damasck-rose in her faire cheekes do bud, 590
VVhile beds of Violets still come betweene
VVith fresh varyety to please the eye,
Nor neede these flowers the heate of *Phæbus* beames,
They cherisht are by vertue of her eyes
O that I might but enter in this bowre,
Or once attaine the cropping of the flower

Cæs. Now wend we Lords to *Alexandria*,
Famous for those wide wondred *Piramids*.
Whose towring tops do seeme to threat the skie,
And make it proud by presence of my loue: 600
Then *Paphian* Temples and *Cytherian* hils,
And sacred *Gnidas* bonnet vaile to it,
A fayrer saint then *Venus* there shall dwell.

Antho Led with the lode-starre of her lookes, I go
As crazed Bark is toff'd in trobled Seas,
Vncertaine to ariue in wished port

ACT. I. FINIS.

Enter Discord

Flashes of fire. Chor. II

Antho. Now *Cæsar* hath thy flattering Fortune heapt
Those golden gifts and promis'd victories, 610
By fatall signes at *Rubicon* foretould:
Then triumph in thy glorious greatest pride,
And boast thou cast the lucky Die so well,
Now let the *Triton* that did sound alarme,
In his shrill trump resound the victory,
That Heauen and Earth may Ecco of thy fame:
Yet thinke in this thy Fortunes Iollity.
Though *Cæsar* be as great as great may be,
Yet *Pompey* once was euen as great as he,
And how he rode clad in *Setonius* spoyles: 620
And the *Sicilian* Pirats ouerthrowe

The Tragedy

Ruling like *Nepoune* in the mid-land Seas,
Who basely now by Land and Sea doth flie,
The heavenly *Rectors* prosecuting wrath,
Yet Sea nor Land can shroud him from this iar,
O how it ioyes my discord thirsting thoughts,
To see them waight, that whilom flow'd in blisse
To see like *Banners*, vnlike quarrels haue.
And *Roman* weapons shethd in *Roman* blood,
630 For this I left the deepe Infernall shades
And past the sad *Auernus* vgly iawes,
And in the world came I, being Discord hight,
Discord the daughter of the greefly night.
To make the world a hell of plagues and woes,
Twas I that did the fatal Aple fling,
Betwixt the three *Idean* goddesse,
That so much blood of *Greekes* and *Troians* spilt,
Twas I that caused the deadly *Thebans* warre,
And made the brothers swell with endlesse hate.
640 And now O *Rome*, woe, woe, to thee I cry
Which to the world do bring al misery

Act II
sc. 1

ACTVS 2.

SCENA 4.

Enter Achilles, and Sempronius.

Ach. Here are we placed, by *Ptolomies* command,
To murther *Pompey* when he comes on shore,
Then braue *Sempronius* prepare they selfe
To execute the charge thou hast in hand,

Sem I am a *Romane*, and haue often serued,
Vnder his collours, when in former state,
650 *Pompey* hath bin the Generall of the field,
But cause I see that now the world is changd :
And like wise feele some of King *Ptolomeus* gould.
Ile kill him were he twenty Generalls,
And send him packing to his longest home.
I maruell of what mettell was the *French* man made.
Who when he should haue stabbed *Marius*,

They

of *Iulius Cæſar*.

They ſay he was aſtoniſhed with his lookes.
Marius, had I beene there, thou neere haſt liu'd,
To brag thee of thy ſeauen Conſulſhips.

Achil. Brauely reſolu'd, Noble *Sempronius*, 660
The damnedſt villaine that ere I heard ſpeake:
But great men ſtill muſt haue ſuch inſtruments,
To bring about their purpoſe, which once donne,
The deede they loue, but do the doer hate:
Thou ſhalt no leſſe (ſtout *Romaine*) be renown'd,
For being *Pompeys* Deathſ-man, then was he,
That fir'd the faire *Ægyptian* Goddeſſe Church

Sem. Nay that's al one, report ſay what ſhe liſt,
Tis for no ſhadowes I aduenture for:
Heere are the Crownes, heere are the wordly goods, 670
This betweene Princes doth contention bring:
Brothers this ſets at ods, turnes loue to hate;
It makes the Sonne to wiſh his Father hang'd
That he thereby might reuell with his bagges:
And did I knowe that in my Mothers womb,
There lurk'd a hidden vaine of Sacred gould,
This hand, this ſword, ſhould rape and rip it out.

Achil. Compaſſion would that greedineſſe reſtraine.

Sem I that's my fault, I am to compaſſionate,
Why man, art thou a ſouldier and doſt talke 680
Of womaniſh pity and compaſſion?
Mens eyes muſt mil-ſtones drop, when fooles ſhed teares,
But ſoft heeres *Pompey*, Ile about my worke

Enter Pompey.

Pom. Truſting vpon King *Ptolomeys* promiſ'd fayth,
And hoping ſuccor, I am come to ſhore:
In *Ægypt* heere a while to make aboade.

Sem. Fayth longer *Pompey* then thou doſt expect.

Pom. See now worlds Monarchs, whom your ſtate makes
That thinke your Honors to be permanent, (proud) 690
Of Fortunes change ſee heere a preſident,
Who whilom did command, now muſt intreate
And ſue for that which to accept of late,
Vnto the giuer was thought fortunate.

The Tragedy

Sem. I pray thee *Pompey* do not spend thy breath,
In reckning vp these rusty titles now,
Which thy ambition grac'd thee with before,
I must confesse thou wert my Generall,
But that cannot auaile to saue thy life.
700 Talke of thy Fortune while thou list,
There is thy fortune *Pompey* in my fist.

Pom. O you that know what hight of honor meanes,
What tis for men that lulled in fortunes lap,
Haue climd the heighest top of soueraignty
From all that pomp to be cast hed-long downe,
You may conceaue what *Pompey* doth sustayne,
I was not wont to walke thus all alone,
But to be met with troopes of Horse and Men.
With playes and pageants to be entertaynd,
710 A courtly trayne in royall rich aray,
With spangled plumes, that daunced in the ayre,
Mounted on steeds, with braue Caparisons deckt,
That in their gates did seeme to scorne the Earth
Was wont my intertaynment beautiefie,
But now thy comming is in meaner sort,
They by thy fortune will thy welcom rate

Sem. What dost thou for such entertaynement looke,
Pompey how ere thy comming hether bee,
I haue provided for thy going hence
720 *Ach.* I will draw neere, and with fayre pleasing shew,
Wellcome great *Pompey* as the *Siren* doth
The wandering shipman with her charming song.

Pom. O how it greeues a noble hauty mind,
Framed vp in honors vncontrouled schoole,
To serue and sue, whoe erst did rule and sway
What shall I goe and stoope to *Ptolomey*,
Nought to a noble mind more greefe can bring
Then be a begger where thou wert a King,
Ach. Wellcome a shore most great and gracious prince
730 Welcome to *Ægypt* and to *Ptolomey*.
The King my Maister is at hand my Lord,
To gratulate your safe ariuall heere

Sem.

of Iulius Cæſar.

Sem. This is the King, and here is the Gentleman,
Which muſt thy comming gratulate a non,

Pom. Thanks worthy Lord vnto your King and you,
It ioyes me much that in extremity,
I found ſo ſure a friend as *Ptolomey*,

Sem. Now is the date of thy proud life expird,
To which my poniard muſt a full poynt put,

Pompey from *Ptolomey* I come to thee, 740
From whome a preſant and a guiſt I bring,
This is the gift and this my meſſage is *Stab him*

Pom. O Villaine thou haſt ſlayne thy Generall,
And with thy baſe hand gor'd my royall heart.
Well I haue liued till to that height I came,
That all the world did tremble at my name,
My greatneſſe then by fortune being enui'd,
Stabd by a murtherous villaynes hand I died.

Ach. What is he dead, then ſtraight cut of his head,
That whilom mounted with ambitions wings: 750
Cæſar no doubt with praife and noble thanks,
Regarding well this well deſerued deede,
Whome wee le preſent with this moſt pleaſing gift,

Sem. Loe you my maſters, hee that kills but one,
Is ſtraight a Villaine and a murtherer cald,
But they that uſe to kill men by the great,
And thouſandes ſlay through their ambition,
They are braue champions, and ſtout warriors cald,
'Tis like that he that ſteales a rotten ſheepe
That in a dich would elſe haue caſt his hide, 760
He for his labour hath the haltars hier
But Kings and mighty Princes of the world,
By letter pattens rob both Sea and Land.
Do not then *Pompey* of thy murther plaine,
Since thy ambition halfe the world hath ſlayne.

ACTVS 2.

SCENA. 2.

Act II

Enter Cornelia.

sc II

Corne. O traterous villaines, hold your murthering hands,
Or

The Tragedy

Or if that needes they must be washt in blood,
770 Imbrue them heere, heere in *Cornelias* breast.
Ay mee as I stood looking from the Ship
(Accursed shippe that did not sinke and drowne:
And so haue sau'd me from so loath'd a fight)
Thee to behold what did betide my Lord,
My *Pompey* deere (nor *Pompey* now nor Lord)
I sawe those villaines that but now were heere:
Bucher my loue and then with violence,
To drawe his deare beloued Body hence;
What dost thou stand to play the Oratrix,
780 And tell a tale of thy deere husbands death?
Doth *Pompey*, doth thy loue moue thee no more?
Go cursed *Cornelia* rent thy wretched haire,
Drowne blobred cheekes in seas of falsest teares.
And if, it be true that sorrowes feeling powre,
Could turne poore *Noë* into a weeping stone
O let mee weepe a like, and like stone be,
And you poore lights, that sawe this tragick sight,
Be blind and punnish'd with eternall night
Vnhappy long to speake, bee neare so bould
790 Since that thou this so heavy tale hast tould.
These are but womanish exclamations
Light forrowe makes such lamentations,
Pompey no words my true griefe can declare,
This for thy loue shalbe my best welfare. *Stab her selfe.*

Act II
sc. III

ACT. 2. SCE. 3.

Enter Cæsar, Cleopatra, Anthony,
Dolabella, a Lord,

Cæsar. There sterne *Achillas* and *Fortunius* lie,
Traytorous *Sempronius* and proud *Ptolomey*,
800 Go plead your cause fore the angry *Rhadamant*,
And tel him why you basely *Pompey* slew
And let your guilty blood appease his Ghost,
That now fits wandring by the Stygian banks,
Vnworthy

of *Julius Cæſar*.

Vnworthy ſacrifice to quite his worth,
For *Pompey* though thou wert mine enemy,
And vayne ambition mou'd vs to this ſtrife;
Yet now in death when ſtrife and enuy ceaſe.
Thy princely vertues and thy noble minde,
Moue me to rue thy vnderſerued death,
That found a greater daunger then it fled;
Vnhapy man to ſcape ſo many wars,
And to protract thy glorious day ſo long,
Here for to periſh in a barbarous ſoyl,
And end liues date ſtabd by a Baſtards hand,
But yet with honour ſhalt thou be Intomb'd,
I will enbalme thy body with my teares,
And put thy aſhes in an Vrne of gold,
And build with marble a deſerued graue
Whoſe worth indeede a Temple ought to haue.

810

Dolo. See how compaſſion drawes forth Princely teares 820
And Vertue weepes her enemies funerall,
So forrowed the mighty *Alexander*,
When *Beffus* hand cauſ'd *Darius* to die

Ant. Theſe greeued forrowing Princes do with me,
Ioyntly agree in Contrariety,
Alacke we mourne, greeued is our mind alike,
Our gate is diſcontented, heauy our lookes,
Our ſorrowes all a like, but diſlike cauſe
Their foe is their grifes cauſer which my friend,
It is the loſſe of one that makes them wayle,
But I, that one there is a cruell one,
Do wayle and greeue and vnregarded mone.

• 830

Fayre beames caſt forth from theſe diſmayfull eyes,
Chaine my poore heart, in loue and ſorrowes giues,

Cleo. Forget ſweete Prince theſe ſad perplexed thoughts,
Withdraw thy mind in cloudy diſcontent,
And with *Ægyptian* pleaſures feed thine eyes,
Wilt thou be hould the Sepulchers of Kings,
And Monuments that ſpeake the workemens prayſe?
Ile bring thee to Great *Alexanders* Tombe,
Where he, whome all the world could not ſuffice,

840

The Tragedy

In bare fix foote of Earth, intomb'd lies,
And shew thee all the cost and curious art,
Which either *Cleops* or'tour *Memphis* boast:
Would you command a banquet in the Court,
Ile bring you to a Royall goulden bowre,
Fayrer then that wherein great *Ioue* doth sit,
And heaues vp boles of *Nectar* to his Queene,
A stately Pallace, whose fayre doble gates:
850 Are wrought with garnish'd Carued Iuory,
And stately pillars of pure bullion fram'd.
With Orient Pearles and Indian stones imboft,
With golden Roofes that glister like the Sunne,
Shalbe prepar'd to entertaine my Loue:
Or wilt thou see our *Academick* Schooles,
Or heare our Priests to reason of the starres,
Hence *Plato* fecht his deepe Philosophy:
And heere in Heauenly knowledg they excell.

Antbo. More then most faire, another Heauen to me,
860 The starres where on Ile gaze shalbe thy face,
Thy morall deedes my sweete Philosophy,
Venus the muse whose ayde I must implore:
O let me profit in this study best,
For Beauties scholler I am now prefest.

Lord. See how this faire *Egyptian* Sorceres,
Enchantes these Noble warriars man-like mindes,
And melts their hearts in loue and wantones.

-Cæs. Most glorious Queene, whose cheerefull smiling
Expell these cloudes that ouer cast my minde. (words)
870 *Cæsar* will ioy in *Cleopatras* ioy,
And thinke his fame no whit disparaged,
To change his armes, and deadly founding droms,
For loues sweete Laies, and Lydian harmony,
And now hang vp these Idle instruments.
My warlike speare and vncontrouled crest:
My mortall wounding sword and siluer shield,
And vnder thy sweete banners beare the brunt,
Of peacefull warres and amarous Alarmes:
Why *Mars* himselfe his bloody rage alayd,

Dallying in *Venus* bed hath often playd, 880
 And great *Alcides*, when he did returne:
 From *Iunos* taskes, and *Nemean* victories,
 From monsters fell, and *Nemean* toyles:
 Reposed himselfe in *Deianiras* armes.
 Heere will I pitch the pillars of my fame,
 Heere the *non ultra* of my labors write,
 And with these Cheekes of Roses, lockes of Gold,
 End my liues date, and trauayles manifold.

Dolo. How many lets do hinder vertuous mindes,
 From the pursuit of honours due reward, 890
 Be sides *Caribdis*, and fell *Scyllas* spight:
 More dangerous *Circe* and *Calipsoes* cup,
 Then pleasant gardens of *Alcionus*:
 And thousand lets voluptiousefneffe doth offer.

Cæs. I will regard no more these murtherous spoyles,
 And bloody triumphs that I lik'd of late:
 But in lous pleasures spend my wanton dayes,
 Ile make thee garlondes of sweete smelling flowers,
 And with faire rosall Chaplets crowne thy head,
 The purple *Hyacinth* of *Phæbus* Land: 900
 Fresh *Amarinthus* that doth neuer die,
 And faire *Narcissus* deere respondent shoars,
 And Violets of Daffadilles so sweete,
 Shall Beautify the Temples of my Loue,
 Whil'st I will still gaze on thy beautious eyes,
 And with Ambrosean kisses bath thy Cheekes.

Cleo. Come now faire Prince, and feast thee in our Courts
 Where liberall *Cæres*, and *Liaus* fat,
 Shall powre their plenty forth and fruitfull store,
 The sparkling liquor shall ore-flow his banks: 910
 And *Merot* learne to bring forth pleasant wine,
 Fruitfull *Arabia*, and the furthest Ind,
 Shall spend their treasures of *Spicery*
 VVith *Nardus* Coranets wee le guird our heads:
 And al the while melodious warbling notes,
 Passing the seauen-fould harmony of Heauen:
 Shall seeme to rauish our enchanted thoughts,

The Tragedy

Thus is the feare of vnkinde *Ptolomey*,
Changed by thee to feast in Iolity:

920 *Antho.* O how mine eares suck vp her heauenly words,
The whil'ft mine eyes do prey vpon her face:

Cæs. Winde we then *Anthony* with this Royall Queene,
This day weele spend in mirth and banqueting.

Antho. Had I Queene, *Iuno*es heard-mans hundred eies,
To gaze vpon these two bright Sunnes ofhirs:
Yet would they all be blinded instantly.

Cæs. VVhat hath some Melancholy discontent,
Ore-come thy minde with trobled passions.

Ant. Yet being blinded with the Sunny beames,
930 Her beauties pleasing colours would restore,
Decayed sight with fresh variety.

Lord. Lord *Anthony* what meanes this trobled minde,
Cæsar inuites thee to the royall feast,
That faire Queene *Cleopatra* hath prepard.

Antho. Pardon me worthy *Cæsar* and you Lords,
In not attending your most gracious speech
Thoughts of my Country, and returne to *Rome*,
Somewhat distempered my busy head.

Cæs. Let no such thoughts distemper now thy minde,
940 This day to *Bacchus* will wee consecrate,
And in deepe goblets of the purest wine,
Drinke healths vnto our seuerall friends at home.

Antho. If of my Country or of *Rome* I thought,
Twas that I neuer ment for to come there,
But spend my life in this sweete paradise.

Exeunt.

Act II
sc. iij

A C T. 2.

S C E. 4.

Enter Cicero, Brutus, Casca, Camber, Trebonius.

Cice. Most prudent heads, that with your counsels wife,
The pillars of the mighty *Rome* sustaine,
950 You see how ciuill broyles haue torne our state:
And priuate strife hath wrought a publike wo,
Theffalia boasts that she hath seene our fall,

And

of *Iulius Caesar*.

And *Rome* that whilom wont to Tiranize,
And in the necks of all the world hath rang'd,
Loosing her rule, to serue is now conſtraynd,
Pompey the hope and ſtay of Common-weale,
VVhoſe vertues promiſ'd *Rome* ſecurity
Now flies diſtreſt, diſconſolate, forlorne,
Reproch of Fortune, and the victors ſcorne.

Caeſ. VVhat now is left for wretched *Rome* to hope, 960
But in laments and bitter future woe,
To wey the downefall of her former pride:
Againe *Porſenna* brings in *Tarquins* names,
And *Rome* againe doth ſmoke with furious flames.
In *Pompeys* fall wee all are ouerthrowne,
And ſubiect made to conqueror Tirany.

Bru. Moſt Noble *Cicero* and you *Romaine* Peeres,
Pardon the author of vnhappy newes,
And then prepare to heare my tragick tale.
VVith that ſame looke, that great *Atrides* ſtood, 970
At cruell alter ſtaind with Daughters blood,
VVhen *Pompey* fled purſuing *Caeſars* ſword,
And thought to ſhun his following deſteny.
And then began to thinke on many a friend,
And many a one recalled hee to minde:
Who in his Fortunes pride did leaue their liues,
And vowed ſeruice at his princely feete,
From out the reſt, the yong *Egiprian* King,
VVhoſe Father of an Exild baniſh'd man

•
Hee ſeated had in throne of Maieſty, 980
Him choſe, to whome he did commit his life,
(But O, who doth remember good-turnes paſt)
The Riſing Sunne, not Setting, doth men pleaſe,
To ill committed was ſo great a truſt,
Vnto ſo baſe a Fortune fauoring minde.
For he the Conquerors fauor to obtaine,
By Treason cauſ'd great *Pompey* to be ſlaine:

Caeſa. O damned deede.

Cam. O Trayterous *Ptolomey*.

Tre. O moſt vnworthy and vngratefull fact. 990

The Tragedy

Cum. What plagues may serue to expiate this act,
The rouling stone or euerturning wheele,
The quenchles flames of firy *Phlegeton*,
Or endles thirst of which the Poets talke,
Are all to gentle for so wilde a deede.

Caf. Well did the *Cibills* vnrespected verse.
Bid thee beware of *Crocodilish Nile*,

Ter. And art thou in a barbarous foyle betrayd,
Defrawd *Pompey* of thy funerall rites,
1000 There none could weepe vpon thy funerall hearfe,
None could thy Consulshipes and triumphs tell,
And in thy death set fourth thy liuing praise,
None would erect to thee a sepulcher.
Or put thine ashes in a pretious vrne,

Cice. Peace Lords lament not noble *Pompeys* death,
Nor thinke him wretched, cause he wants a Tombe,
Heauen couers him whome Earth denyes a graue:
Thinke you a heape of stones could him inclose,
Whoe in the *Oceans* circuite buried is,
1010 And every place where *Roman* names are heard,
The world is his graue, where liuing fame doth blaze,
His funerall praife through his immortall trump,
And ore his tombe vertue and honor sits,
With rented heare and eyes bespent with teares,
And waile and weepe their deere sonne *Pompeys* death,

Bru. But now my Lords for to augment this grieve,
Cæsar the *Senates* deadly enimie,
Aimes eke to vs, and meanes to tryumph heere,
Vpon poore conquered *Rome* and common wealth,

1020 *Caf.* This was the end at which he alwayes aynd,

Tre. Then end all hope of *Romaines* liberty,
Rise noble *Romaine*, rise from rotten Tombes,
And with your swordes recouer that againe:
With your braue prowes won, our basenes lost,

Gic. Renowned Lords content your trobled minds.
Do not ad Fuell to the conquerors fier.
Which once inflamed will borne both *Rome* and vs.
Cæsar although of high aspiring thoughtes,

of *Iulius Caesar*.

And vncontrould ambitious Maieſty,
Yet is of nature faire and courteous,
You ſee hee commeth conqueror of the Eaſt :
Clad in the ſpoyles of the *Pharſalian* fieldes,
Then wee vnable to reſiſt ſuch powre :
By gentle peace and meeke ſubmiſſion,
Muſt ſeeke to pacify the victors wrath.

1030

Exeunt.

ACT. 2.

SCENE. 5.

Act II
sc. v

Enter Cato Senior, and Cato Iunior.

Cat. Sen. My Sonne thou ſeeſt howe all are ouerthrowne,
That fought their Countries free-dome to maintaine,
Egipt forſakes vs, *Pompey* found his graue,
VWhere hee moſt ſuccor did expect to haue :
Scipio is ouerthrowne and with his haples fall,
Affrick to vs doth former ayde denay,
O who will helpe men in aduerſity :
Yet let vs ſhewe in our declining ſtate,
That ſtrength of minde, that vertues conſtancy,
That erſt we did in our felicity,
Though Fortune fayles vs lets not fayle our ſelues,
Remember boy thou art a *Romaine* borne,
And *Catoes* Sonne, of me do vertue learne ;
Fortune of others, aboue althings ſee
Thou prize thy Countries loue and liberty,
All bleſſings Fathers to their Sonnes can wiſh
Heauens powre on thee, and now my ſonne with-drawe
Thy ſelfe a while and leaue me to my booke.

1040

1050

Cat. Iun. What meanes my Father by this ſolemne leaue ?
Firſt he remembred me of my Fortunes change,
And then more earneſtly did me exhort
To Counrries loue, and conſtancy of minde,
Then he was wont : ſom-whats the cauſe,
But what I knowe not, O I feare I feare,
His to couragious heart that cannot beare
The thrall of *Rome* and triumph of his foe,

1060

By

The Tragedy

By his owne hand threats danger to his life,
How ere it be at hand I will abide,
VVayting the end of this that shal betide. *Exit.*

Cato Senior with a booke in his hand.

Cato Sen. Plato that promised immortality,
Doth make my soule resolute it selfe to mount,
1070 Vnto the bowre of those Celestiall ioyes,
VVhere freed from lothed Prison of my soule,
In heavenly notes to *Phæbus* which shall sing:
And *Pæan Io*, *Pæan* loudly ring.
Then fayle not hand to execute this deede,
Nor faint nor heart for to command my hand,
VVauer not minde to counsell this resolute,
But with a courage and thy liues last act,
Now do I giue thee *Rome* my last farewell.
Who cause thou fearest ill do therefore die,
1080 O talke not now of *Cannas* ouerthrowe,
And raze out of thy lasting Kalenders,
Those bloody songes of *Hilius* dismall fight:
And note with black, that black and cursed day,
When *Cæsar* conquered in *Pharsalia*,
Yet will not I his conquest glorifie:
My ouerthrow shall neere his triumph grace,
For by my death to the world Ile make that knowne,
No hand could conquer *Cato* but his owne. *Stabs himself.*

Enter Cato Iunior running to him.

1090 *Ga. Iun.* O this it was my minde told me before,
VVhat meanes my Father, why with naked blade,
Dost thou assault, that faithfull princely hand:
And mak'st the base Earth to drinke thy Noble blood,
Bee not more sterne, and cruell 'gainst thy selfe,
Then thy most hateful enemies would be,
No *Parthian*, *Gaule*, *Moore*, no not *Cæsars* selfe,
VVould with such cruelty thy worth repay,
O stay thy hand, giue me thy fatall blade:
VVhich turnes his edge and waxeth blunt to wound,
1100 A brest so fraught with vertue excellent.

Ga. Seni. VVhy dost thou let me of my firme resolute,
Vnkinde

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

Vnkinde boy hinderer of thy Fathers ioy,
Why dost thou slay me, or wilt thou betray
Thy Fathers life vnto his foe-mens hands,
And yet I wrong thy faith, and loue too much,
In thy soules kindenesse, tis thou art vnkinde.

Cat. Iun. If for your selfe you do this life reiect,
Yet you your Sonnes and Countreies: fake respect,
Rob not my yong yeares of so sweete a stay,
Nor take from *Rome* the Pillor of her strength.

1110

Cat. Sene. Although I die, yet do I leaue behinde,
My vertues fauor to bee thy youths guide:
But for my Country, could my life it profit,
Ile not refuse to liue that died for it,
Now doth but one smal snuffe of breath remaine:
And that to keepe, should I mine Honor stain?

Cat. Iuni. Where you do strue to shew your vertue most,
There more you do disgrace it Cowards vse,
To shun the woes and troubles of this life:
Basely to flie to deaths safe sanctuary,
When constant vertues doth the hottest brunt's,
Of griefes assaultes vnto the end endure.

1120

Ca. Seni. Thy words preuaile, come list me vp my Son,
And call some help to binde my bleeding wounds.

Cat. Iuni. Father I go with a more willing minde,
Then did *Æneas* when from *Trojan* fire,
He bare his Father, and did so restore:
The greatest gift hee had receiued before.

Exit.

Cat. Seni. Now haue I freed mee of that hurtfull Loue,
Which interrupted my resolu'd will,
Which all the world can neuer stay nor change:
Cæsar whose rule commands both Sea and Land,
Is not of powre to hinder this weake hand,
And time succeeding shall behold that I
Although not liue, yet died courragiously, *stab himselfe.*

1130

Enter Cato Iunior.

Ca. Iuni. O hast thou thus to thine owne harme deceiu'd me
Well I perceiue thy Noble dauntles heart:
Because it would not beare the Conquerors insolence,

The Tragedy

1140 Vfed on it felfe this cruell violence,
I know not whether I fhould more lament,
That by thine owne hand thou thus flaughtred art,
Or Ioy that thou fo nofly didft depart. *Exit.*

FINIS. ACTVS. 2.

Chor. III

Enter Discord.

Dis. Now *Cæſar* rides triumphantly through *Rome*,
And deckes the Capitoll with *Pompeys* ſpoyle:
Ambition now doth vertues feat vſurp,
Then thou Reuengfull great *Adaſtria* Queene.
1150 Awake with horror of thy dubbing Drumm,
And call the ſnaky furies from below,
To daſh the Ioy of their triumphing pride,
Erinnis kindle now thy *Stigian* brands,
In diſcontented *Brutus* boyling breſt,
Let *Cæſar* die a bleeding ſacrifice,
Vnto the Soule of thy dead Country *Rome*.
Why ſleepeſt thou *Caffius*? wake thee from thy dreame:
And yet thou naught doſt dreame but blood and death.
For dreadfull viſions do afright thy ſleepe.
1160 And howling Ghoſts with glaſtly horrors cry,
By *Caffius* hand muſt wicked *Cæſar* die,
Now *Rome* caſt of thy gaudy painted robes
And cloth thy ſelfe in ſable colored weedes,
Changethy vaine triumphs into funerall pomps,
And *Cæſar* caſt thy Laurell crowne apart,
And bind thy temples with ſad *Cypres* tree.
Of warrs thus peace infues, of peace more harmes,
Then erſt was wrought by tragick wars alarmes, *Exit.*

Act III
ſc. i

ACT. 3. SCE. 1.

Enter Caffius.

1171 *Caf.* Harke how *Cæſarians* with reſounding ſhoutes,
Tell heauens of their pomps and victories,

Cæſar

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

Cæsar that long in pleasures idle lap,
And daliance vayne of his Proud Curtezan,
Had luld his sterne and bloody thoughts a sleepe,
Now in *Rome* streets ore *Romaines* come to triumph,
And to the *Romains* shews those *Tropheyes* sad,
Which from the *Romaines* he with blood did get :
The Tyrant mounted in his goulden chayre,
Rides drawne with milke white palseries in like pride, 1180
As *Phæbus* from his Orientall gate,
Mounted vpon the firy *Phlegetons* backes.
Comes prauncing forth, shaking his dewie locks :
Cæsar thou art in gloryes cheefest pride,
Thy sonne is mounted in the highest poynt :
Thou placed art in top of fortunes wheele,
Her wheele must turne, thy glory must eclipse,
Thy Sunne descend and loose his radiant light,
And if none be, whose cuntryes ardent loue,
And losse of *Roman* liberty can moue, 1190
Ile be the man that shall this taske performe.
Cassius hath vowed it to dead *Pompeys* soule,
Cassius hath vowed it to afflicted *Rome*,
Cassius hath vowed it, witnes Heauen and Earth, *Exit.*

ACTVS 3.

SCENA 2.

Act III
sc. ii

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Dolabella, Lords, two Romaines, & others

Cæsar. Now haue I shaked of these womanish linkes,
In which my captiud thoughts were chayned a fore,
By that fayre charming *Circes* wounding look,
And now like that same ten yeares trauayler, 1200
Leauing be-hind me all my troubles past.
I come awayted with attending fame,
Who through her shrill triumph doth my name resound,
And makes proud *Tiber* and *Lygurian Poe*,
(Yet a sad witner of the Sunne-Gods losse,)
Beare my names glory to the *Ocean* mayne,
Which to the worlds end shall it bound it againe,

The Tragedy

As from *Phægean* fields the King of Gods,
With conquering spoyles and *Tropheus* proud returnd,
1210 When great *Typhæus* fell by thundering darts,
And rod away with their Cælestiall troops,
In greatest pride through Heauens smooth pauer way,
So shall the Pompeous glory of my traine,
Daring to match ould *Saturnus* kingly Sonne,
Call downe these goulden lampes from the bright skie,
And leaue Heauen blind, my greatnes to admire.
This laurell garland in fayre conquest made,
Shall stayne the pride of *Ariadnes* crowne,
Clad in the beauty of my glorious lampes,
1220 *Cassiopea* leaue thy starry chayre,
And on my Sun-bright Chariot wheels attend,
Which in triumphing pompe doth *Cæsar* beare.
To Earths astonishment, and amaze of Heauen:
Now looke proude *Rome* from thy seven-fould seate,
And see the world thy subiect, at thy feete,
And *Cæsar* ruling ouer all the world.

Dolo. Now let vs cease to boast of *Romulus*,
First author of high *Rome* and *Romaines* name.
Nor talke of *Scaurus*, worthy *Africans*,
1230 The scourge of *Libia*, and of *Carthage* pride,
Nor of vnconquered *Paulus* dauntles minde,
Since *Cæsars* glory them exceeds as farre
As shining *Phebe* doth the dimmest starre.

Ant. Like as the Ship-man that hath lost the starre.
By which his doubtfull ship he did direct,
Wanders in darkenes, and in Cloudy night,
So hauing lost my starr, my Gouverneste.
Which did direct me, with her Sonne-bright ray,
In greefe I wander and in sad dismay:

1240 And though of triumphes and of victoryes,
I do the out-ward signes and *Trophies* beare,
Yet see mine inward mind vnder that face,
Whose collours to these Triumphes is disgrace,

Lord. As when from vanquished *Macedonia*,
Triumphing ore King *Persius* ouerthrow,

Conquering

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

Conquering *Æmelius*, in great glory came.
Shewing the worlds spoyles which he had bereft,
From the successors of great *Alexander*,
With such high pomp, yea greater victories,
Cæsar triumphing comes into fayre *Rome*,

1250

1. *Rom.* In this one Champion all is comprehended,
Which ancient times in feuerall men commended,
Alcides strength, *Achilles* dauntles heart,
Great *Phillips* Sonne by magnanimity.
Sterne *Pyrhus* vallour, and great *Hectors* might,
And all the prowes, that ether *Greece* or *Troy*,
Brought forth in that same ten years *Troians* warre.

2. *Rom.* Faire *Rome* great monument of *Romulus*.
Thou mighty seate of consuls and of Kings:
Ouer-victorious now Earths Conquerer,
Welcome thy valiant sonne that to thee brings,
Spoyles of the world, and exquies of Kings.

1260

Cæsar. The conquering Issue of immortall *Ioue*.
Which in the *Persian* spoyles first fetch his fame.
Then through *Hydasspis*, and the *Caspian* waues,
Vnto the sea vnknowne his praise did propagate,
Must to my glory vayle his conquering crest:
The *Lybick* Sands, and *Africk* *Sirts* hee past.
Bactrians and *Zogdians*, knowne but by their names,
Whereby his armes resistles, powers subdued,
And *Ganges* streames congeald with *Indian* blood,
Could not transeport his burthen to the sea.
But these nere lerned at *Mars* his games to play,
Nor tost these bloody bals, of dread and death:
Arar and proud *Saramna* speaks my praise,
Rohdans shrill *Tritons* through their brasen trumpes,
Ecco my fame against the *Gallian* Towers,
And *Isis* wept to see her daughter *Thames*.
Chainge her cleere cristall, to vermilian sad,
The big bond *German*, and *Heluetian* stout,
Which well haue learned to tosse a tusked speare,
And well can curbe a noble stomackt horse,
Can *Cæsars* vallour witnes to their greefe

1270

1280

The Tragedy

Nuba the mighty *Affrick* Potentate,
That with his cole-black *Negroes* to the field,
Backt with *Numidian* and *Getulian* horſe,
Hath felt the puiſſance¹ of a *Roman* ſword.

I entred *Aſia* with my banners ſpred,
Diſplayed the *Ægle* on the *Euxin* ſea:

1290 By *Iaſon* firſt, and ventrous *Argo* cut,
And in the rough *Cimerian Boſphorus*:
A heauy witneſſe of *Pharnaces* flight,
And now am come to triumph heere in *Rome*,
VVith greater glory then ere *Romaine* did. *Exeunt.*

Sound drums and Trumpets amaine.

Act III
ſc. iii

Enter Anthony.

Antho. Alas theſe triumphes mooue not me at all,
But only do renew remembrance ſad,
Of her triumphing and imperious lookes,

1300 VVhich is the Saint and Idoll of my thoughtes:
Firſt was I wounded by her percing eye:
Next priſoner tane by her captiuing ſpeech,
And now ſhee triumphes ore my conquered heart,
In *Cupids* Chariot ryding in her pride,
And leades me captiue bounde in Beauties bondes:
Cæſars lip-loue, that neuer touch'd his heart,
By preſent triumph and the abſent fire,
Is now waxt could; but mine that was more deepe,
Ingrauen in the marble of my breſt,
1310 Nor time nor Fortune ere can raze it out.

Enter Anthonies bonus genius.

Gen. Anthony, baſe femall *Anthony*,
Thou womans ſouldiar, fit for nights affaults,
Haſt thou ſo ſoone forgot the diſcipline,
And wilſome taſkes thy youth was trayned to,
Thy ſoft downe Pillow, was a helme of ſteele:
The could damp earth, a bed to eaſe thy toyle,
Afrighted ſlumbers were thy golden ſleepes:
Hunger and thirſt thy ſweeteſt delicates,

1320 Sterne horror, gaſtly woundes, pale greeſly death:
Thy winde deprefſing pleaſures and delights,

And

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

And now so soone hath on enchanted face,
These manly labours luld in drowfy sleepe:
The Gods (whose messenger I heere do stand)
Will not then drowne thy fame in Idleneſſe:
Yet muſt *Philippi* ſee thy high exploytes,
And all the world ring of thy Victories.

Antbo. Say what thou art, that in this dreadful ſort
Forbidd'ſt me of my *Cleopatras* loue.

Gen. I am thy *bonus Genius*, *Anthony*, 1330
VVhich to thy dul eares this do prophecy:
That fatall face which now doth ſo bewitch thee,
Like to that vaine vnconſtant Greekiſh dame,
VVhich made the ſtately *Ilian* towres to ſmoke,
Shall thouſand bleeding *Romains* lay one ground:
Hymen in ſable not in ſaſeron robes,
Inſtead of roundes ſhall dolefull dirges ſinge.
For nuptiall tapers, ſhall the furies beare,
Blew-burning torches to increaſe your feare:
The bride-grooms ſcull ſhal make the bridal bondes: 1340
And hel-borne hags ſhall dance an Antick round,
VVhile *Hecate Hymen* (heu, heu) *Hymen* cries,
And now methinkes I ſee the ſeaſ blew face:
Hidden with ſhippes, and now the trumpets ſound,
And weake *Canopus* with the *Ægle* ſtrives,
Neptune amazed at this dreadfull fight:
Cals blew ſea Gods for to behold the fight,
Glaucus and *Panopea*, *Proteus* ould,
VVho now for feare changeth his wonted ſhape,
Thus your vaine loue which with delight begunne: 1350
In Idle ſport ſhall end with bloud and ſhame. *Exit.*

Antbo. VVhat waſt my *Genius* that mee threatned thus?
They ſay that from our birth he doth preſerue:
And on mee will he powre theſe miſeries?
VVhat burning torches, what alarums of warre,
VVhat ſhames did he to my loues propheſie?
O no hee comes as winged *Mercurie*,
From his great Father *Ioue*, t' *Anchiſes* ſonne
To warne him leaue the wanton dalliance,

And

The Tragedy

1360 And charming pleasures of the *Tyrian* Court,
Then wake the *Anthony* from this idle dreame,
Cast of these base effeminate passions:
Which melt the courage of thy manlike minde,
And with thy sword receiue thy sleeping praise. *Exit.*

Act III

sc. iv

ACT. 3. SC. 3.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. How long in base ignoble patience,
Shall I behold my Countries wofull fall,
O you braue *Romains*, and among't the rest
1370 Most Noble *Brutus*, faire befall your soules:
Let Peace and Fame your Honored graues awaite,
Who through such perils, and such tedious warres,
Won your great labors prize sweete liberty,
But wee that with our life did freedoms take,
And did no sooner Men, then free-men, breath:
To loose it now continuing so long,
And with such lawes, such vowes, such othes confirm'd
Can nothing but disgrace and shame expect:
But soft what see I written on my feate,
1380 O *utinam Brute uiueres.*

What meaneth this, thy courage dead,
But stay, reade forward, *Brute mortuus es.*
I thou art dead indeed, thy courage dead
Thy care and loue thy dearest Country dead,
Thy wonted spirit and Noble stomack dead.

Enter Cassius.

Cassi. The times drawe neere by gracious heauens
When *Philips* Sonne must fall in *Babylon*, (affignd)
In his triumphing proud presumption:
1390 But see where melancholy *Brutus* walkes,
Whose minde is hammering on no meane conceit:
Then found him *Cassius*, see how hee is inclined,
How fares young *Brutus* in this tottering state.

Bru. Euen as an idle gazer, that beholdes,

His

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

His Countries wrackes and cannot succor bring.

Cassi. But wil *Brute* alwaies in this dreame remaine,
And not bee mooued with his Countries mone.

Bru. O that I might in *Lethes* endles sleepe,
And neere awaking pleafant rest of death
Close vp mine eyes, that I no more might see,
Poore *Romes* distresse and Countries misery.

1400

Cassi. No *Brutus* liue, and wake thy sleepy minde,
Stirre vp those dying sparkes of honors fire,
VVhich in thy gentle breast weare wont to flame :
See how poore *Rome* opprest with Countries wronges,
Implores thine ayde, that bred thee to that end,
Thy kinf-mans foule from heauen commandes thine aide :
That lastly must by thee receiue his end,
Then purchas honor by a glorious death,
Or liue renown'd by ending *Cæsars* life.

1410

Bru. I can no longer beare the Tirants pride,
I cannot heare my Country crie for ayde,
And not bee mooued with her pitious mone,
Brutus thy foule shall neuer more complaine :
That from thy linage and most vertuous stock,
A bastard weake degenerat branch is borne,
For to distaine the honor of thy house.
No more shall now the *Romains* call me dead,
Ile liue againe and rowze my sleepy thoughts :
And with the Tirants death begin this life.

1420

Rome now I come to reare thy states decayed,
VVhen or this hand shall cure thy fatall wound,
Or else this heart by bleeding on the ground.

Cas. Now heauen I see applaudes this enterprise,
And *Rhadamanth* into the fatall Vrne,
That lotheth death, hath thrust the Tirants name,
Cæsar the life that thou in bloud hast led :
Shall heape a bloody vengeance on thine head.

Exeunt.

Enter Cæsar, Anthony Dolabella, Lords, and others.

1431 *Cæs.* Now fervile *Pharthia* proud in *Romaine* spoile,
Shall pay her ranfome vnto *Cæsars* Ghost:
Which vnreuenged roues by the Stygian strond,
Exclaming on our sluggish negligence.
Leaue to lament braue *Romans*, loe I come,
Like to the God of battell, mad with rage,
To die their riuers with vermilion red:

Ile fill *Armenians* playnes and *Medians* hils,
With carkases of bastard *Scithian* broode,
1440 And there proud Princes will I bring to *Rome*,
Chained in fetters to my charriot wheelles:
Desire of fame and hope of sweete reueng,
Which in my brest hath kindled such a flame,
As nor *Euphrates*, nor sweet *Tybers* streame,
Can quench or slack this feruent boyling heate:
These conquering souldiers that haue followed me,
From vanquisht *France* to sun-burnt *Meroe*,
Matching the best of *Alexanders* troopes.
Shall with their lookes put *Parthian* foes to flight,
1450 And make them twise turne their deceitfull lookes,

Ant. The restlesse mind that harbors sorrowing thoughts,
And is with child of noble enterprife,
Doth neuer cease from honors toilefome taske,
Till it bringes forth Eternall gloryes broode.
So you fayre braunch of vertues great discent,
Now hauing finish'd Ciuill warres sad broyles,
Intend by *Parthian* triumphes to enlarge,
Your contries limits, and your owne renowne,
But cause in *Sibilles* ciuill writs we finde,

1460 None but a King that conquest can atchiue,
Both for to crowne your deedes with due reward,
And as auspicious signes of victorie.

Wee here present you with this *Diadem*,

Lord. And euen as kings were banish'd *Romes* high throne
Cause

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

Cause their base vice, her honour did destayne,
So to your rule doth shee submit her selfe,
That her renowne there by might brighter shine,
Cæsar. Why thinke you Lords that tis ambitions spur.

That pricketh *Cæsar* to these high attempts,
Or hope of Crownes, or thought of *Diadems*,
That made me wade through honours perilous deepe,
Vertue vnto it selfe a shure reward,

1470

My labours all shall haue a pleasing doome,

If you but Iudge I will deserue of *Rome*:

Did those old *Romaines* suffer so much ill?

Such tedious feeges, such enduring warrs?

Tarquinius hates, and great *Porfennas* threats,

To banish proude imperious tyrants rule?

And shall my euerdaring thoughts contend

To marre what they haue brought to happy end:

1480

Or thinke you cause my Fortune hath expeld,

My friends, come let vs march in iolity,

Ile triumph Monarke-like ore conquering *Rome*,

Or end my conquests with my cuntryes spoyles,

Dolo. O noble Princely resolution.

These or not victoryes that we so call,

That onely blood and murtherous spoyles can vaunt:

But this shalbe thy victory braue Prince,

That thou hast conquered thy owne climbing thoughts,

And with thy vertue beat ambition downe,

1490

And this no lesse inblazon shall thy fame.

Then those great deeds and chiualous attempts,

That made thee conqueror in *Theffalia*.

Ant. This noble mind and Princely modesty,

Which in contempt of honours brightnes shines,

Makes vs to wish the more for such a Prince,

Whose vertue not ambition won that praise,

Nor shall we thinke it losse of liberty.

Or *Romaine* liberty any way impeached,

For to subiect vs to his Princely rule,

1500

Whose thoughts sayre vertue and true honor guides:

Vouchsafe then to accept this goulden crowne,

The Tragedy

A gift not equall to thy dignity.

Cæs. Content you Lordes for I wilbe no King,
An odious name vnto the *Romaine* eare,
Cæsar I am, and wilbe *Cæsar* still,
No other title shall my Fortunes grace:
Which I will make a name of higher state
Then Monarch, King or worldes great Potentate.
1510 Of *Ioue* in Heauen, shall ruled bee the skie,
The Earth of *Cæsar*, with like Maiesty.
This is the Scepter that my crowne shall beare,
And this the golden diadem Ile weare,
A farre more rich and royall ornament,
Then all the Crownes that the proud *Persian* gaue:
Forward my Lordes let Trumpets found our march,
And drums strike vp *Reuenges* sad alarms,
Parthia we come with like incensed heate,
As great *Atrides* with the angry Greekes,
1520 Marching in fury to pale walls of Troy.

Act III
sc. vij

ACT. 3.

SC. 5.

Enter Cassius, Brutus, Trebonius, Cumber Casca.

Tre. Braue Lords whose forward resolution,
Shewes you descended from true *Romaine* line,
See how old *Rome* in winter of her age,
Reioyseth in such Princely budding hopes,
No lesse then once she in *Decius* vertue did,
Or great *Camillus* bringing back of spoyles.
On then braue Lords of this attempt begun,
1530 The sacred Senate doth commend the deede:
Your Countries loue incites you to the deed,
Vertue her selfe makes warrant of the deed,
Then Noble *Romains* as you haue begun:
Neuer desist vntill this deede be done.

Cassi. To thee *Reueng* doth *Cassius* kneele him downe.
Thou that brings quiet to perplexed soules,
And borne in Hel, yet harborest heauens ioyes,

Whose

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

Whose fauor slaughter is, and dandling death,
Bloud-thirsty pleasures and misboding blisse:
Brought forth of Fury, nurse of cankered Hate,
To drowne in woe the pleasures of the world.
Thou shalt no more in duskyish *Erebus*:
And dark-some hell obscure thy Deity,
Insteede of *Ioue* thou shalt my Godeesse bee,
To thee faire Temples *Cassius* will erect:
And on thine alter built of *Parian* stone
Whole *Hecatombs* will I offer vp.
Laugh gentle Godeesse on my bould attempt,
Yet in thy laughter let pale meager death:
Bee wrapt in wrinkels of thy murthering spoyles.

1540

1550

Bru. An other *Tarquin* is to bee expeld,
An other *Brutus* liues to act the deede:
Tis not one nation that this *Tarquin* wronges,
All *Rome* is stayn'd with his vnrul'd desires,
Shee whose imperiall scepter was inu'r'd:
To conquer Kings and to controul the world,
Cannot abate the glory of her state,
To yeeld or bowe to one mans proud desires:
Sweete Country *Rome* here *Brutus* vowes to thee,
To loose his life or else to set thee free.

1560

Cas. Shame bee his share that doth his life so prize,
That to *Romes* weale it would not sacrifice,
My Poniardes point shall pearce his heart as deepe,
As earlt his sworde *Romes* bleeding side did goare:
And change his garments to the purple die,
With which our bloud had staynd sad *Theffaly*.

Cam. Hee doth refuse the title of a King,
But wee do see hee doth vsurp the thing.

Tre. Our ancient freedome hee empeacheth more,
Then euer King or Tyrant did before.

1570

Cas. The Senators by him are quite disgrac'd,
Rome, *Romans*, Citty, Freedome, all defac'd.

Cassi. We come not Lords, as vnresolved men,
For to shewe causes of the deed decreed,
This shall dispute for mee and tell him why,

This

The Tragedy

This heart, hand, minde, hath mark'd him out to die:
If it be true that furies quench-les thirst,
Is pleas'd with quaffing of ambitious blood,
Then all you deuills whet my Poniards point,
1580 And I wil broach you a blood-sucking heart:
Which full of blood, must blood store to you yeeld,
Were it a peece to flint or marble stone:
Why so it is for *Cæsars* heart's a stone,
Els would bee mouued with my Countries mone.
They say you furies instigate mens mindes,
And push their armes to finnish bloody deedes:
Prick then mine Elbo: goade my bloody hand,
That it may goare *Cæsars* ambitious heart. *Exeunt.*

Act III
sc. vii

ACTVS 3.

SCENA 6.

Enter Caesar, Calphurnia.

1591 *Cæs.* Why thinkes my loue to fright me with her dreames?
Shall bug-bearers feare *Cæsars* vndaunted heart,
Whome *Pompeys* Fortune neuer could amaze,
Nor the *French* horse, nor *Mauritanian* boe,
And now shall vaine illusions mee affright:
Or shadowes daunt, whom substance could not quell?
Calphur. O dearest *Cæsar*, hast thou seene thy selfe,
(As troubled dreames to me did faine thee seene:)
Torne, Wounded, Maymed, Blod-slaughtered, Slaine,
1600 O thou thy selfe, wouldst then haue dread thy selfe:
And feard to thrust thy life to dangers mouth.
Cæs. There you bewray the folly of your dreame,
For I am well, aliue, vncaught, vntoucht.
Calphur. T'was in the Senate-house I sawe thee so,
And yet thou dreadles thither needes will go.
Cæs. The Senate is a place of peace, not death,
But these were but deluding visions.
Calphur. O do not set so little by the heauens,
Dreames ar diuine, men say they come from *Ioue*,
1610 Beware betimes, and bee not wise to late:

of Iulius Cæſar.

Mens good indeuours change the wills of Fate.

Cæſ. Weepe not faire loue, let not thy wofull teares
Bode mee, I knowe what thou wouldeſt not haue to hap
It will diſtaine mine honor wonne in fight
To ſay a womans dreame could me affright.

Cal. O *Cæſar* no diſhonour canſt thou get,
In ſeeking to preuent vnlucky chance:
Foole-hardy men do runne vpon their death,
Bee thou in this perſwaded by thy wife:
No vallour bids thee caſt away thy life.

1620

Cæſ. Tis daſtard cowardize and childiſh feare,
To dread thoſe dangers that do not appeare:

Cal. Thou muſt ſad chance by fore-caſt, wiſe reſiſt,
Or being done ſay boote-leſ had I wiſt.

Cæſ. But for to feare wher's no ſuſpition,
Will to my greatneſſe be deriſion.

Cal. There lurkes an adder in the greeneſt graſſe,
Daungers of purpoſe alwayes hide their face:

Cæſ. Perſwade no more *Cæſar's* reſolu'd to go.

Cal. The Heauens reſolue that hee may ſafe returne,
For if ought happen to my loue but well:
His danger ſhalbe doubled with my death.

1630

Exit.

Enter Augur.

Augur. I, come they are, but yet they are not gon.

Cæſ. What haſt thou ſacrificz'd, as cuſtome is,
Before wee enter in the Senat-houſe.

Augur. O ſtay thoſe ſteeps that leade thee to thy death,
The angry heauens with threeatning dire aſpect,
Boding miſchance, and balfull maſſacers,
Menace the ouerthrowe of *Cæſar's* powre:

1640

Saturne fits frowning on the God of Warre,
VWho in their ſad coniunction do conſpire,
Vniting both their bale full influences,
To heape miſchance, and danger to thy life:
The Sacrificing beaſt is heart-leſ found:

Sad ghawtly fightes, and rayſed Ghoſtes appeare,
Which fill the ſilent woods, with groning cries:
The hoarſe Night-rauen tunes the chearles voyce,
And calls the bale-full Owle, and howling Doge,

To

The Tragedy

1650 To make a confort. In whose sad song is this,
Neere is the ouerthrow of *Cæsars* blisse. *Exit.*

Cæsar. The world is set to fray mee from my wits,
Heers harteles Sacrifice and visions,
Howlinge and cryes, and gasty grones of Ghosts,
Soft *Cæsar* do not make a mockery,
Of these Prodigious signes sent from the Heauens,
Calphurnias Dre ame lumping which *Augurs* words,
Shew (if thou markest it *Cæsar*) cause to feare:
This day the Senate there shalbe dissolued,

1660 And Ile returne to my *Calphurnia* home, *One giues him*
What hast thou heare that thou presents vs with, *a paper.*

Pre. A thing my Lord that doth concerne your life.
Which loue to you and hate of such a deed,
Makes me reueale vnto your excellence. *Cæsar laughs.*
Smilest thou, or think'st thou it some ilde toy,
Thout frowne a non to read so many names.
That haue conspird and sworne thy bloody death, *Exit.*

Enter Cassius.

Cassius. Now must I come, and with close subtil girdes,
1670 Deceau the prey that Ile deuoure anon,
My Lord the Sacred Senate doth expect,
Your royall prefence in *Pompeius* court:

Cæsar. *Cassius* they tell me that some daungers nigh.
And death pretended in the Senate house.

Cassi. What danger or what wrong can be,
Where harmeles grauitie and vertue fits,
Tis past all daunger present death it is,
Nor is it wrong to render due desert.
To feare the Senators without a cause,
1680 Will bee a cause why theile be to be feared,

Cæsa. The Senate stayer for me in *Pompeys* court.
And *Cæsars* heere, and dares not goe to them,
Packer hence all dread of danger and of death,
What must be must be; *Cæsars* prest for all,

Cassi. Now haue I sent him headlong to his ende,
Vengeance and death awayting at his heeles,
Cæsar thy life now hangeth on a twine,

Which

of Iulius Cæsar.

Which by my Poniard must bee cut in twaine,
Thy chaire of state now turn'd is to thy Beere,
Thy Princely robes to make thy winding sheete: 1690
The Senators the Mourners ore the Hearse,
And *Pompeys* Court, thy dreadfull graue shalbe.

Senators crie all at once. Act III

Omnes. Hold downe the Tyrant stab him to the death: sc. viii

Cass. Now doth the musick play and this the song
That *Cassius* heart hath thirsted for so long:
And now my Poniard in this mazing sound,
Must strike that touch that must his life confound.
Stab on, stab on, thus should your Poniards play,
Aloud deepe note vpon this trembling Kay. stab him. 1700

Buco. *Bucolian* sends thee this. stab him.

Cum. And *Cumber* this. stab him.

Cass. Take this frō *Casca* for to quite *Romes* wronges.

Cass. Why murtherous villaines know you whō you strike,
Tis *Cæsar*, *Cæsar*, whom your Poniards pierce:

Cæsar whose name might well afright such slaues:

O Heauens that see and hate this haynous guilt,

And thou Immortall *Ioue* that Idle holdest

Deluding Thunder in thy faynting hand,

Why stay'st thy dreadfull doome, and dost with-hold, 1710

Thy three-fork'd engine to reuenge my death:

But if my plaintes the Heauens cannot mooue,

Then blackest hell and *Pluto* bee thou iudge:

You greefly daughters of the cheereles night,

Whose hearts, nor praier nor pittie, ere could lend,

Leaue the black dungeon of your *Chaos* deepe:

Come and with flaming brandes into the world,

Reuenge, and death, bringe seated in yout eyes:

And plauge these villaynes for their trecheries.

Enter Brutus.

1720

Bru. I haue held *Anthony* with a vaine discourse,

The whilst the deed's in execution,

But liues hee still, yet doth the Tyrant breath?

Chaling Heauens with his blasphemies,

Heere *Brutus* maketh a passage for thy Soule,

The Tragedy

To plead thy cause for them whose ayde thou crauest,

Cæs. What *Brutus* to? nay nay, then let me die,
Nothing wounds deeper then ingratitude,

Bru. I bloody *Cæsar*, *Cæsar*, *Brutus* too,

1730 Doth geue thee this, and this to quite *Romes* wrongs,

Cassius. O had the Tyrant had as many liues.

As that fell *Hydra* borne in *Lerna lake*,

That heare I still might stab and stabbing kill,

Till that more liues might bee extinguished,

Then his ambition, *Romanes* Slaughtered.

Tre. How heauens haue iustly on the authors head,

Returnd the guiltles blood which he hath shed,

And *Pompey*, he who caused thy Tragedy,

Here breathles lies before thy Noble Statue,

1740 *Enter Anthony.*

Anth. What cryes of death resound within my eares,

Whome I doe see great *Cæsar* buchered thus?

What said I great? I *Cæsar* thou wast great,

But O that greatnes was that brought thy death:

O vniust Heauens, (if Heauens at all there be),

Since vertues wronges makes question of your powers,

How could your starry eyes this shame behold,

How could the sunne see this and not eclipze?

Fayre bud of fame ill cropt before thy time:

1750 What *Hyrcan* tygar, or wild sauage bore,

(For he more heard then Bore or Tyger was),

Durst do so vile and execrate a deede,

Could not those eyes so full of maiesty,

Nor priesthood (o not thus to bee prophand)

Nor yet the reuerence to this sacred place,

Nor flowing eloquence of thy goulden tounge,

Nor name made famous through immortall merit,

Deter those murtherors from so vild a deed?

Sweete friend accept these obsequies of mine,

1760 Which heare with teares I doe vnto thy hearse,

And thou being placed a mong the shining starrs.

Shalt downe from Heauen behold what deepe reueng,

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

I will inflict vpon the murtherers, *Exit with Cæsar, in his
armes.*

FINIS. Act. 3.

Enter Discord.

Chor. IV

Dis. *Brutus* thou hast what long desire hath fought,
Cæsar Lyes weltring in his purple Goare,
Thou art the author of *Romes* liberty,
Proud in thy murthering hand and bloody knife. 1770
Yet thinke *Octauian* and sterne *Anthony*.
Cannot let passe this murther vnreunged,
Theffalia once againe must see your blood,
And *Romane* drommes must strike vp new a laromes,
Harke how *Bellona* shakes her angry lance:
And enuie clothed in her crimfon weed,
Me thinkes I see the fiery shields to clafh,
Eagle gainst Eagle, *Rome* gainst *Rome* to fight,
Phillipi, *Cæsar*, quittance must thy wronges,
Whereas that hand shall stab that trayterous heart. 1780
That durst encourage it to worke thy death,
Thus from thine ashes *Cæsar* doth arise
As from *Medeas* haples scatered teeth:
New flames of wars, and new outrageous broyles,
Now smile *Æmathia* that euen in thy top,
Romes victory and pride shalbe entombd,
And those great conquerors of the vanquished earth,
Shall with their swords come there to dig their graues.

ACTVS. 4. SCENA. I.

Act IV
sc. i

Enter Octauian.

Octa. Mourne gentle Heauens for you haue lost your ioy. 1791
Mourne greeued earth thy ornament is gon,
Mourne *Rome* in great thy Father is deceased:
Mourne thou *Octauian*, thou it is must mourne,
Mourne for thy Vncle who is dead and gon.

The Tragedy

Mourne for thy Father to vngently flaine,
Mourne for thy Friend whome thy mishap hath lost,
For Father, Vnkell, Friend, go make thy mone,
Who all did liue, who all did die in one.

1800 But heere I vow these blacke and fable weeds,
The outward signes of inward heauines,
Shall changed be ere long to crimfen hew,
And this soft raiment to a coate of Steele,
Cæsar, no more I heare the mornefull songs.
The tragick pomp of his sad exequies,
And deadly burning torches are at hand,
I must accompany the mornefull troope:
And sacryfice my teares to the Gods below. *Exit.*

ACT IV
sc. ii

Enter Cæsars Hearse Calphurnia Octavian, Anthony, Cicero, Dolobella, two Romaynes, mourners.

Calp. Set downe the hearse and let *Calphurnia* weepe,
1812 Weepe for her Lord and bath his Wounds in teares:
Feare of the world, and onely hope of *Rome*,
Thou whilest thou liuedst was *Calphurnias* ioye,
And being dead my ioyes are dead with thee:
Here doth my care and comfort resting lie:
Let them accompany thy mournefull hearse.

Cice. This is the hearse of vertue and renowne,
Here stroe red roses and sweete violets:
1820 And lawrell garlands for to crowne his fame,
The Princely weede of mighty conquerors:
These worthles obsequies poore *Rome* bestowes,
Vpon thy sacred ashes and deare hearse.

1. *Rom.* And as a token of thy liuing praise,
And fame immortall take this laurell wreath,
Which witnessest thy name shall neuer die:
And with this take the Loue and teares of *Rome*,
For on thy tombe shall still engrauen be,
Thy losse, her griefe, thy deathes, her pittying thee,
1830 *Dolo.* Vnwillling do I come to pay this debt,
Though not vnwillling for to crowne desert,
O how much rather had I this bestowed,
On thee returning from foes ouerthrow,

When

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

When liuing vertue did require fuch meede,
Then for to crowne thy vertue being dead,
Lord. Those wreaths that in thy life our conquests crowned
And our fayre triumphes beauty glorified,
Now in thy death do ferue thy hearfe to adorne,
For *Cæsars* liuing vertues to bee crowned,
Not to be wept as buried vnder grownd,

1840

2. *Ro*. Thou whilest thou liuedst wast faire vertues flowre
Crowned with eternall honor and renowne,
To thee being dead, *Flora* both crownes and flowers,
(The cheefest vertues of our mother earth,)
Doth giue to gratulate thy noble hearfe.
Let then they foule diuine vouchsafe to take,
These worthles obsequies our loue doth make.

Calp. All that I am is but despaire and greefe,
This all I giue to Celebrate thy death,
What funerall pomp of riches and of pelfe,
Do you expect? *Calphurnia* giues her selfe.

1850

Ant. You that to *Cæsar* iustly did decree
Honors diuine and sacred reuerence :
And oft him grac'd with titles well deserued,
Of Countries Father, stay of Commonwealth.
And that which neuer any bare before,
Inviolatè, Holy, Consecrate, Vntucht.
Doe see this friend of *Rome*, this Contryes Father,
This Sonne of lasting fame and endles praise,
And in a mortall trunke, immortall vertue
Slaughtered, profan'd, and bucherd like a beast,
By trayterous handes, and damned Paracides :
Recounte those deedes and see what he hath don,
Subdued those nations which three hundred yeares.
Remaynd vnconquered; still afflicting *Rome*,
And recompensed the firy Capitoll,
With many Citties vnto ashes burnt :
And this reward, these thanks you render him :
Here lyes he dead to whome you owe your liues :
By you this slaughtered body bleedes againe,
Which oft for you hath bled in fearefull fight.

1860

1870

The Tragedy

Sweete woundes in which I see distressed *Rome*,
From her pearc'd sides to powre forth streames of bloud,
Bee you a witnesse of my sad Soules grieve:
And of my teares which wounded heart doth bleede,
Not such as vsf from womanish eyes proceede.

Octa. And were the deede most worthy and vnblamed,
Yet you vnworthely did do the same:

Who being partakers with his enemies,
1880 By *Cesar* all were saued from death and harme,
And for the punnishment you should haue had,
You were prefer'd to Princely dignities:
Rulers and Lordes of Prouinces were you made,
Thus thanke-les men hee did preferre of nought,
That by their hands his murther might be wrought.

All at once except Anthony and Octavian.

Omnes. Reuenge, Reuenge vpon the murtherers.

Antho. Braue Lords this worthy resolution shewes,
Your deereft loue, and great affection
1890 VVhich to this slaughtered Prince you alwaies bare,
And may like bloudy chance befall my life:
If I be slack for to reuenge his death.

Octa. Now on my Lords, this body lets inter:
Amongest the monuments of *Roman* Kinges,
And build a Temple to his memory:
Honoring therein his sacred Deity.

Exeunt omnes.

Act IV
sc. iii

ACT. 4.

SC. 2.

Enter Cassius, and Brutus with an army.

Cassi. Now *Romains* proud foe, worlds common enemy,
1900 In his greatest hight and chiefeft Iollitie,
In the Sacred Senate-house is done to death:
Euen as the Consecrated Oxe which foundes,
At horny alters, in his dying pride:
VVith flowry leaues and gar-lands all bedight,
Stands proudly wayting for the hasted stroke:
Till hee amazed with the dismall found,

Falls

of *Julius Cæsar*.

Falls to the Earth and stains the holy ground,
The spoyle and riches of the conquered world,
Are now but idle Trophies of his tombe:
His laurell garlandes do but Crowne his chaire,
His sling, his shield, and fatall bloody speare,
Which hee in battell oft 'gainst *Rome* did beare,
Now serue for nought but rusty monuments.

1910

Bru. So *Romulus* when proud ambition,
His former vertue and renowne had stayned:
Did by the Senators receiue his end,
But soft what boades *Titinnius* hastening speede.

Enter Titinnius.

Titin. The frantike people and impatient,
By *Anthonyes* exhorting to reuenge:
Runne madding throw the bloody streetes of *Rome*,
Crying Reuenge, and murthering they goe,
All those that caused *Cæsars* ouerthrowe.

1920

Cassi. The wauering people pytiyng *Cæsars* death,
Do rage at vs, who fore to winne their weale:
Spare not the danger of our dearest liues,
But since no safety *Rome* for vs affordes:

Brutus weell hast vs to our Prouinces,
I into *Syre*, thou into *Macedon*,
Where wee will muster vp such martiall bandes,
As shall afright our following enemies.

1930

Bru. In *Thessaly* weele meete the Enemy,
And in that ground distaynd with *Pompeys* blood,
And fruitfull made with *Romane* massaker,
Vveele either sacrifice our guilty foe,
To appease the furies of these howling Ghostes,
That wander restles through the sliemy ground
Or else that *Thessaly* bee a common Tombe:
To bury those that fight to infranchise *Rome*.

Titin. Brauely resolu'd, I see yong *Brutus* minde,
Strengthened with force of vertues sacred rule:
Contemneth death, and holdes proud chance in scorne.

1940

Bru. I that before fear'd not to do the deede,
Shall neuer now repent it being done,

No

The Tragedy

No more I Fortun'd, like the *Roman* Lord,
Whose faith brought death yet with immortall fame,
I kisse thee hand for doing such a deede:
And thanke my heart for this so Noble thought,
And blesse the Heauens for fauoring my attempts:
1950 For Noble *Rome*, and if thou beest not free,
Yet I haue done what euer lay in mee:
And worthy friend as both our thoughts conspired,
And ioyned in vnion to performe this deede,
This acceptable deede to Heauens and *Rome*,
So lets continue in our high resolute:
And as wee haue with honor thus begunne,
So lets persist, vntill our liues bee done.

Cassi. Then let vs go and with our warlike troopes,
Collected from our seuerall Prouinces,
1960 Make *Asia* subiect to our Conquering armes.
Brutus thou hast commanded the *Illirian* bandes:
The feared *Celts* and *Lusitanian* horse,
Parthenians proud, and *Thrasians* borne in warre:
And *Macedon* yet proud with our old actes,
With all the flowre of Louely *Theffaly*,
Vnder my warlike collours there shall march:
New come from *Syria* and from *Babilon*,
The warlike *Mede*, and the *Arabian* Boe,
The *Parthian* fighting when hee seemes to flie:
1970 Those conquering *Gauls* that built their seates in *Greece*,
And all the Costers on the *Mirapont*.

Act IV
sc. iij

ACT. 3. SCE. I.

Enter Casars Ghost.

Gho. Out of the horror of those shady vaultes,
Where Centaurs, Harpies, paynes and furies fell:
And Gods and Ghosts and vgly Gorgons dwell,
My restles soule comes heere to tell his wronges.
Haile to thy walles, thou pride of all the world,
Thou art the place where whilome in my life.

My

of *Julius Cæsar*.

My feat of mounting honour was erected,
And my proud throane that seem'd to check the heauens.¹⁹⁸⁰
But now my pompe and I are layd more lowe,
With these asofiates of my ouerthrow,
Here ancient *Affur* and proud *Belus* lyes,
Ninus the first that fought a Monarches name.
Atrides fierce with the *Æacides*,
The *Greeke Heros*, and the *Troian* flower,
Blood-thirsting *Cyrus* and the conquering youth:
That fought to fetch his pedegree from Heauen,
Sterne *Romulus* and proud *Tarquinius*,¹⁹⁹⁰
The mighty *Sirians* and the *Ponticke* Kings,
Alcides and the stout, *Carthagian* Lord,
The fatall enemie to the *Roman* name.
Ambitious *Sylla* and fierce *Marius*,
And both the *Pompeyes* by me don to death,
I am the last not least of the same crue,
Looke on my deeds and say what *Cæsar* was,
Theffalia, *Ægipt*, *Pontus*, *Africa*,
*Spayne Brittain*e, *Almany* and *France*,²⁰⁰⁰
So many a bloody tryall of my worth.
But why doe I my glory thus restraine,
When all the world was but a Charyot,
Wherein I rode Triumphant in my pride?
But what auayleth this tale of what I was?
Since in my chefest hight *Brutus* base hand.
With three and twenty wounds my heart did goare,
Giue me my sword and shild Ile be Reueng'd,
My mortall wounding speare and goulden Crest.
I will dishorse my foemen in the field,
Alasse poore *Cæsar* thou a shadow art,²⁰¹⁰
An ayery substance wanting force and might,
Then will I goe and crie vpon the world,
Exclame on *Anthony* and *Octavian*,
Which seeke through discord and discentions broyles,
T'imbrue their weapons in each others blood,
And leaue to execute my iust reuenge,

The Tragedy

I heare the drummes and bloody Trumpets found,
O how this fight my greeued soule doth wound,

*Enter Anthony, at on dore, Octavian at
another with Souldiers.*

2020

Anth. Now martiall friends competitors in armes,
You that will follow *Anthony* to fight,
Whome stately *Rome* hath oft her Confull seene,
Grac'd with eternall trophes of renowne,
With *Libian* triumphes and *Iberian* spoyles,
Who scorns to haue his honour now distaind,
Or credit blemisht by a Boyes disgrace,
Prepare your dauntles stomakes to the fight,
Where without striking you shall ouer come.

2030 *Octa.* Fellowes in war-faire which haue often serued,

Vnder great *Cæsar* my disceased sier,
And haue return'd the conquerors of the world,
Clad in the Spoyles of all the Orient :
That will not brooke that any *Roman* Lord,
Should iniure mighty *Iulius Cæsars* sonne,
Recall your wonted vallour and these hearts,
That neuer entertaynd Ignoble thoughts
And make my first warre-faire and fortunate :

Ant. Stike vp drums, and let your banners flie,

2040 Thus will we set vpon the enemy.

Gho. Cease Drums to strike, and fould your banners vp,
Wake not *Bellona* with your trumpets Clange,
Nor call vnwilling *Mars* vnto the field :
See *Romaines*, see my wounds not yet clof'd vp,
The bleeding monuments of *Cæsars* wronges.
Haue you so soone for got my life and death ?
My life wherein I reard your fortunes vp.
My death wherein my reared fortune fell,
My life admir'd and wondred at of men ?

2050 My death which seem'd vnworthy to the Gods,
My life which heap'd on you rewards and gifts,
My death now begges one gift ; a iust reueng.

Ant. A Chilly cowl'd possesseth all my loyntes,

And

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

And pale wan feare doth cease my fainting heart,

Octa. O see how terrible my Fathers lookes?

My haire stands stiffe to see his greisly hue:

Alasse I deare not looke him in the face,

And words do cleaue to my benumbed lawes. (downe

Gho. For shame weake *Anthony* throw thy weapons

Sonne sheath thy sword, not now for to be drawne, 2060

Brutus must feele the heavy stroke thereof:

But if that needes you will into the field,

And that warrs enuie pricks your forward hate.

To slacke your fury with each others blood,

Then forward on to your prepared deaths

Let sad *Alecto* sound her fearefull trump,

Reueng a rise in lothsome fable weedes,

Light-shining Treasons and vnquenced Hates,

Horror and vgly Murther (nights blacke child,)

Let sterne *Mægera* on her thundering drumme, 2070

Play gaskly musicke to comfort your deathes.

Banner to banner, foote gainst foote opof'd,

Sword against sword, shild gainst shild, and life to life,

Let death goe raginge through your armed rankes,

And load himselte with heapes of murdered men,

And let Heauens iustice send you all to Hell,

Anth. Shamiſt thou not *Anthony* to draw thy sword,

On *Cæsars* Sonne, for rude rash youth full brawles,

And dost let passe their treason vnrevenged,

That *Cæsars* life and glory both did end, 2080

Octa. Shame of my selfe, and this intended fight,

Doth make me feare t' approach his dreadfull fight:

Forgiue my slacknes to reuenge thy wronges,

Pardon my youth that rashly was mislead,

Through vaine ambition for to doe this deed,

Gho. Then ioyne your hands and heare let battle cease,

Chang feare to Ioy, and warre to smooth-fac't Peace.

Oct. Then Father heere in fight of Heauen and thee,

I giue my hand and heart to *Anthony*,

Ant. Take likewise mine, the hand that once was vowd', 2090

The Tragedy

To bee imbrued in thy luke-warme bloud,
VVhich now shall strike in yong *Octauians* rights.

Gbo. Now sweare by all the Dieties of Heauen,
All Gods and powers you do adore and serue:
For to returne my murther on their cruell head,
Whose trayterous hands my guiltles bloud haue shed.

Anth. Then by the Gods that through the raging waues,
Brought thee braue *Troian* to old *Latium*,
And great *Quirinus* placed now in Heauen:
2100 By the *Gradinus* that with shield of Brasse,
Defendest *Rome*, by the ouerburning flames
Of *Vesta* and *Carpeian* Towers of *Ioue*.
Vowes *Anthony* to quite thy worthy death,
Or in performance loose his vitall breath.

Octa. The like *Octauian* vowes to Heauen and thee.

Gbo. Then go braue warriors with succesfull hap,
Fortune shall waite vpon your rightfull armes,
And courage sparkell, from your Princely eyes,
Dartes of reuenge to daunt your enemies.

2110 *Antho.* Now with our armies both conioyned in one,
Weele meete the enemy in *Macedon*:
Æmathian fieldes shall change her flowry greene,
And die proud *Flora* in a sadder hew:
Siluer Stremonia, whose faire Christall waues,
Once founded great *Alcides* echoing fame:
When as he slew that fruitfull headed snake,
Which *Lerna* long-time fostered in her wombe:
Shall in more tragick accentes and sad tunes,
Eccho the terror of thy dismall fight,

2120 *Hemus* shall fat his barren fieldes with bloud:
And yellow *Ceres* spring from woundes of men,
The toyling husband-men in time to come,
Shall with his harrow strike on rusty helmes,
And finde, and wonder, at our swordes and speares,
And with his plowe dig vp braue *Romans* graues:

ACT. 5. SCE. I.

Chor. V

Enter Discord.

Dis. The balefull haruest of my ioy, thy woe
 Gins ripen *Brutus*, Heauens commande it so. 2130
 Pale sad *Auernus* opes his yawning lawes,
 Seeking to swallow vp thy murtherous soule,
 The furies haue proclaym'd a festiuall:
 And meane to day to banquet with thy bloud,
 Now Heauens array you in your clowdy weedes:
 Wrap vp the beauty of your glorious lamp,
 And dreadfull *Chaos*, of sad drery night,
 Thou Sunne that climest vp to the easterne hill:
 And in thy Chariot rides with swift steedes drawne,
 In thy proud Iollity and radiant glory: 2140
 Go back againe and hide thee in the sea,
 Darkenesse to day shall couer all the world:
 Let no light shine, but what your swords can strike,
 From out their steely helmes, and fiery shildes:
 Furies, and Ghosts, with your blue-burning lampes,
 In mazing terror ride through *Roman* rankes:
 With dread affrighting those stout Champions hearts,
 All stygian fiendes now leaue whereas you dwell:
 And come into the world and make it hell.

Enter Cassius, Brutus, Titinnius, Cato Iunior,
with an army marching

Act. V
sc. i

Casi. Thus far wee march with vnresifted armes, 2152
 Subduing all that did our powres with-stand:
Laodicia whose high reared walles,
 Faire *Lyeas* washeth with her siluer waue:
 And that braue monument of *Perseus* fame,
 With *Turfs* vaild to vs her vantage pride,
 Faire *Rhodes*, I weepe to thinke vpon thy fall;

The Tragedy

- Thou wert to stubberne, else thou still hadst stood,
2160 Inviolat of *Cassius* hurtles hand,
That was my nurse, where in my youth I drew
The flowing milke of Greekeish eloquence:
Proud *Capadocia* sawe her King captiu'd,
(And *Dolabella* vantage in the spoyle,
Of slayne *Trebonius*) fall as springing tree,
Seated in louely *Tempes* pleasant shades:
Whom beuteous spring with blossoms braue hath deckt,
And sweete *Fauonia* mantled all in greene,
By winters rage doth loose his flowry pride,
2170 And hath each twigg bar'd by northerne winds.
Thus from the conquest of proud *Palestine*,
Hether in triumph haue we march'd along,
Making our force-commanding rule to stretch,
From faire *Euphrates* christall flowing waues
Vnto the Sea which yet weepes *Io's* death,
Slayne by great *Hercules* repenting hand,
Bru. Of all the places by my sword subdued,
Pitty of thee poore *Zanthus* moues me most;
Thrise hast thou ben beseege'd by thy foe,
2180 And thrise to saue thy liberty hast felt
The fatall flames of thine owne cruell hand.
First being beseege'd by *Harpalus* the *Mede*,
The sterne performer of proud *Cyrus* wrath:
Next when the *Macedonian Phillips* sonne,
Did rayse his engines gainst thy battered walls,
Proud *Zanthus* that did scorne to beare the yoake,
That all the world was forced to sustaine,
Last when that I my selfe did guirt thy walls,
With troopes of high resolu'd *Roman* hearts,
2190 Rather then thou wouldest yeeld to *Brutus* sword,
Or stayne the mayden honour of thy Towne,
Did'st sadly fall as proud *Numantia*.
Scorning to yeeld to conquering *Scipios* power.
Cas. And now to thee *Phillipi*, are wee come,
Whose fields must twise feele *Roman* cruelty,
And flowing blood like to *Darcean* playnes,

When

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

When proud *Eteocles* on his foaming steede,
Rides in his fury through the *Argean* troopes,
Now making great *Æraſtus* giue him way,
Now beating back *Tidaëus* puiſſant might:
The ground not dry'd from ſad *Pharſalian* blood,
Will now bee turned to a purple lake:
And bleeding heapes and mangl'd bodyes ſlayne,
Shall make ſuch hills as ſhall ſurpaſſe in height
The Snowy Alpes and aery *Appenines*,

2200

Titi. A Scout brought word but now that he deſcryd,
Warlike *Anthonius* and young *Cæſars* troopes,
Marching in fury ouer *Theſſalian* playnes.
As great *Gradinus* when in angry moode,
He driues his chariot downe from heauens top,
And in his wheels whirleth reueng and death:
Heere by *Phillippi* they will pick their tents,
And in theſe fieldes (fatall to *Roman* liues)
Hazard the fortune of the doubtfull fight,

2210

Cat. O welcome thou this long expected day,
On which dependeth *Romane* liberty,
Now *Rome* thy freedom hangeth in ſuſpence,
And this the day that muſt aſſure thy hopes.

Caffi. Great *Ioue*, and thou *Trytonyan* warlike Queene:
Arm'd with thy amazing deadly *Gorgons* head.
Strengthen our armes that fight for *Roman* welth:
And thou ſterne *Mars*, and *Romulus* thy Sonne,
Defend that Citty which your ſelfe begun.
All heavenly powers aſſiſt our rightfull armes,
And ſend downe ſiluer winged victory,
To crowne with Lawrells our triumphant Creſts.

2220

Bru. My minde thats trobled in my vexed ſoule,
(Oppreſt with ſorrow and with ſad diſmay,)
Miſgiues me this wilbe a heauy day.

Caffi. Why faynt not now in theſe our laſt extremes,
This time craues courage not diſpayring feare,

2230

Titin. Fie, twill diſtayne thy former valiant acts.
To ſay thou fainteſt now in this laſt act,

Bru. My mind is heauy, and I know not why,

But

The Tragedy

But cruell fate doth sommon me to die,
Cato. Sweet *Brute*, let not thy words be ominous signes,
Of so mis-fortunrate and sad euent,
Heauen and our Vallour shall vs conquerours make.

2240 *Cassi.* What Bastard feare hath taunted our dead hearts,
Or what vnglorious vnwounded thought,
Hath changed the valloyr of our daunted mindes.
What are our armes growne weaker then they were?
Cannot this hand that was proud *Cæsars* death,
Send all *Cæsarians* headlong that same path?
Looke how our troupes in Sun-bright armes do shine,
With vaunting plumes and dreadfull brauery.
The wrathfull steedes do check their iron bits,
And with a well grac'd terror strike the ground,
And keeping times in warres sad harmony.

2250 And then hath *Brutus* any cause to feare,
My selfe like valiant *Peleus* worthy Sonne,
The Noblest wight that eur *Troy* beheld,
Shall of the aduerse troopes such hauock make,
As sad *Phillipi* shall in blood bewayle,
The cruell massacre of *Cassius* sword,
And then hath *Brutus* any cause to feare?

Bru. No outward shewes of puissance or of strength,
Can helpe a minde dismayed inwardly,
Leaue me sweete Lordes a while vnto my selfe.

2260 *Cassi.* In the meane time take order for the fight,
Drums let your fearefull mazing thunder playe.
And with their sound peirce Heauens brazen Towers,
And all the earth fill with like fearefull noyse,
As when that *Boreas* from his Iron caue.
With boysterous furies Striuing in the waues,
Comes swelling forth to meet his blustering foe,
They both doe runne with feerce tempestuous rage,
And heaues vp mountaynes of the watry waues.
The God *Oceanus* trembles at the stroke,

2270 *Bru.* What hatefull furies vex my tortured mind?
What hideous sightes appalle my greeued soule,
As when *Orestes* after mother slaine.

of *Iulius Cæsar.*

Not being yet at *Scythians* Alters purged,
Behould the greefly visages of fiends.
And gastly furies which did haunt his steps,
Cæsar vpbraues my sad ingratitude,
He saued my life in sad *Pharſalian* fieldes,
That I in *Senate* house might worke his death.
O this remembrance now doth wound my soule,
More then my poniard did his bleeding heart,

2280

Enter Ghost.

Gho. Brutus, ingratefull *Brutus* seeſt thou mee:
Anon In field againe thou shalt me see,

Bru. Stay what ſo ere thou art, or fiend below,
Rayſ'd from the deepe by inchanters bloody call,
Or fury ſent from *Phlegitonticke* flames,
Or from *Cocytus* for to end my life,
Be then *Mege*ra or *Tyſiphone*,
Or of *Eumenides* ill boading crue.

Fly me not now, but end my wretched life,
Comegreeſly meſſenger of ſad miſhap,
Trample in blood of him that hates to liue,
And end my life and ſorrow all at once.

2290

Gho. Accurſed traytor damned *Homicide*,
Knoweſt thou not me, to whome for forty honors:
Thou three and twenty Gaſtly wounds didſt giue?
Now dare no more for to behould the Heauens,
For they to Day haue deſtyned thine end:

Nor liſt thy eyes vnto the riſing ſunne,
That nere ſhall liue for to behould it ſet,
Nor looke not dōwne vnto the Hellifh ſhades,
There ſtand the furies thurſting for thy blood,
Flie to the field but if thou thither go'ſt,

2300

There *Anthonyes* ſword will peirce thy trayterous heart.
Brutus to daie my blood ſhalbe reuenged,
And for my wrong and vndeſerued death,
Thy life to thee a torture ſhall become,
And thou ſhalt oft amongeſt the dying grones,
Of ſlaughtered men that bite the bleeding earth.

The Tragedy

2310 With that like balefull cheere might thee befall,
 And seeke for death that flies so wretched wight,
 Vntill to shunne the honour of the fight,
 And dreadfull vengeance of supernall ire.
 Thine owne right hand shall worke my wish'd reueng;
 And so Fare ill, hated of Heauen and Men.

Bru. Stay *Cæsar* stay, protract my greife no longer,
 Rip vp my bowells glut thy thirsting throte,
 With pleasing blood of *Cæsars* guilty heart:
 But see hee's gon, and yonder Murther stands:
 2320 See how he poynts his knife vnto my hart.

Althea raueth for her murdered Sonne,
 And weepes the deed that she her-selſe hath done:
 And *Meleager* would thou liuedst againe,
 But death must expiate. *Altheas* come.
 I, death the guerdon that my deeds deserue:
 The drums do thunder forth dismay and feare,
 And dismall triumphes sound my fatall knell,
 Furies I come to meete you all in Hell,

Act V

Enter Cato wounded.

sc. ii *Cato.* Bloodles and faynt; *Cato* yeelde vp thy breath;

2331 While strength and vigour in these armes remaynd,
 And made me able for to wield my sword,
 So long I fought; and sweet *Rome* for thy sake
 Fear'd not effusion of my blood to make.
 But now my strength and life doth fayle at once,
 My vigor leaues my could and feeble Ioynts,
 And I my sad soule, must power forth in blood.
 O vertue whome *Phylosophy* extols.

Thou art no essence but a naked name,
 2340 Bond-slave to Fortune, weake, and of no power.
 To succor them which alwaies honourd thee:
 Witnesse my Fathers and mine owne sad death,
 Who for our country spent our latest breath:
 But oh the chaines of death do hold my tounge,
 Mine eyes wax dim I faynt, I faynt, I die.
 O Heauens help *Rome* in this extremity.

Where

of *Julius Cæsar*.

Cass. Where shall I goe to tell the saddest tale,
That ere the *Romane* tounge was forc'd to speake,
Rome is ouerthrowne, and all that for her fought:
This Sunne that now hath seen so many deaths,
When from the Sea he heaued his cloudy head,
Then both the armes full of hope and feare,
Did waite the dreadfull trumpets fatall sound,
And straight Reuenge from *Stygian* bands let loose,
Possessed had all hearts and banished thence,
Feare of their children, wife and little home.
Countrys remembrance, and had quite expeld,
With last departed care of life it selfe:
Anger did sparkell from our beautious eyes,
Our trembling feare did make our helmes to shake,
The horse had now put on the riders wrath,
And with his hoofes did strike the trembling earth,
When *Echalarian* soundes then both gin meete:
Both like enraged, and now the dust gins rise,
And Earth doth emulate the Heauens cloudes,
Then yet beutyous was the face of cruell war:
And goodly terror it might seeme to be,
Faire shieldes, gay swords, and goulden crests did shine.
Their spangled plumes did dance for Iolity,
As nothing priuy to their Masters feare,
But quickly rage and cruell *Mars* had staynd,
This shining glory with a sadder hew,
A cloud of dartes that darkened Heauens light,
Horror insteed of beauty did succede.
And her bright armes with dust and blood were foyld:
Now *Lucius* fals, heare *Drusus* takes his end,
Here lies *Hortensius*, weltring in his goare.
Here, there, and euery where men fall and die,
Yet *Cassius* shew not that thy heart doth faynt:
But to the last gasp for *Romains* freedom fight,
And when sad death shall be thy labors end,
Yet boast thy life thou didst for Country spend.

Act V
sc. iii

2350

2360

2370

2380

Ant. Queene of Reuenge imperious *Nemesis*,
I 2

Enter Anthony. Act V
sc. iiii

That

The Tragedy

That in the wrinkles of thine angry browes,
Wrapst dreadfull vengeance and pale fright-full death :
Raine downe the bloody showers of thy reuenge,
And make our swordes the fatall instruments,
To execute thy furious bale-full Ire,
2390 Let grim death seate her on my Lances point,
Which percing the weake armour of my foes,
Shall lodge her there within there coward brestes,
Dread, horror, vengeance, death, and bloody hate :
In this sad fight my murthering sworde awaite. *Exit*

Act V

Enter Titinnius.

sc. v *Titin.* Where may I flie from this accursed soyle,
Or shunne the horror of this dismall day :
The Heauens are colour'd in mourning sable weedes,
The Sunne doth hide his face, and feares to see,
2400 This bloody conflict ; sad *Catastrophe*,
Nothing but grones of dying men are heard :
Nothing but bloud and slaughter may bee seene
And death, the same in sundry shapes araied.

Enter Cassius.

Cass. In vaine, in vaine, O *Cassius* all in vaine,
Tis Heauen and destiny thou striuest against.

Titin. VVhat better hope or more accepted tydings,
Ist Noble *Cassius* from the Battell brings ?

Cass. This haples hope that fates decreed haue,
2410 *Philippi* field must bee our haples graue.

Titin. And then must this accur'd and fatall day,
End both our liues and *Romane* liberty :
Must now the name of freedome bee forgot,
And all *Romes* glory in *Theffalia* end ?

Cass. As those that lost in boysterous troublous seas,
Beaten with rage of Billowes stormy strife :
And without starres do sayle 'gainst starres and winde.
In drery darkeness and in chereles night,
Without or hope or comfort endles are :

2420 So are my thoughts delected with dismay,
Which can nought looke for but poore *Romes* decay.
But yet did *Brutus* liue, did hee but breath ?

Or

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

Or lay not slumbering in eternall night,
His welfare might infuse some hope, or life :
Or at the least bring death with more content :
Weried I am through labour of the fight :

Then sweete *Titinnius*, range thou through the fieldes,
And either glad me with my friends successe,
Or quickly tell mee what my care doth feare :
How breathles hee vpon the ground doth lie,
That at thy words, I may fall downe and die.

2430

Titin. Cassius, I goe to seeke thy Noble friend,
Heauen grant my goings haue a prosperous end.

Cassi. O go *Titinnius*, and till thy returne,
Heere will I sit disconsolate alone,

Romes sad mishap, and mine owne woes to moone :

O ten times treble fortunate were you,
VVhich in *Pharsalias* bloody conflict dyed,
VVith those braue Lords, now layed in bed of fame :

2440

VVhich neere protected their most blessed dayes,
To see the horror of this dismall fight,

VVhy died I not in those *Æmathian* playnes,

VVhere great *Domitius* fell by *Cæsars* hand ?

And swift *Eurypus* downe his bloody streame

Bare shieldes and helmes and traines of slaughter'd men,

But Heauens referud mee to this luckles day,

To see my Countries fall and friends decay.

But why doth not *Titinnius* yet returne ?

My trembling heart misgiues me what's befallne,

Brutus is dead : I : herke how willingly

2450

The Ecco itterates those deadly words,

The whisling windes with their mourning sound

Do fill mine eares with noyse of *Brutus* death,

The birdes now chanting a more cheerles lay,

In dolefull notes recorde my friends decay.

And *Philomela* now forgets old wronges,

And onely *Brutus* wayleth in her songes.

I heare some noyse, O tis *Titinnius*,

No tis not hee, for hee doth feare to wound,

My greeued eares with that hearts-thrilling sound.

2460

The Tragedy

Why dost thou feed my thoughts with lingering hope?
Why dost thou then prolong my life in vayne?

Tell me my sentence and so end my payne:

He comes not yet, nor yet, nor will at all,

Linger not *Cassius* for to heare reply,

What if he come and tels me hee is slayne?

That only will increafe my dying paine,

Brutus I come to company thy soule,

Which by *Cocytus* wandreth all alone.

2470 *Brutus* I come prepare to meete thy friend
Thy brothers fall procures this balefull end.

Enter Titinius.

Titi. *Brutus* doth liue and like a second *Mars*,

Rageth in heate of fury mongest his foes,

Then cheere thee *Cassius*, loe I bring releefe.

And news of power to ease thy stormy greefe,

But see where *Cassius* weltreth in his blood,

Doth beate the Earth, and yet not fully dead.

O *Cassius* speake, O speake to me sweet friend,

2480 *Brutus* doth liue; open thy dying eyes,
And looke on him that hope and comfort rings.

O noe, hee will not looke on mee but cries,

That by my long delayes he haples dies:

Accursed villaine murtherer of thy friend,

Why hath thy lingering thus wrought *Cassius* end,

How cold thy care was to preuent this deed,

How slow thy loue that made no greater speed,

Care winged is, and burning loue can flye,

My care was feareles, loue but flattery,

2490 But sithence in my life my loue was neuer shewne,

Now in my death Ile make it to be knowne.

Accursed weapon that such blood could spil,

Nay cursed then the author of this deed,

Yet both offended, both shall punished be,

Ile take reueng of the knife, the knife of me,

It shall make a passage for my life to passe,

Cause through my life his master murthered was.

And I on it againe will venged bee.

of *Iulius Cæſar*.

Cauſe it did worke my *Caffius* tragedy.

Then this reueng ſhalbe to end my life.

• 2500

Mine to diſtayne with baſer blood the knife.

Enter Brutus the Ghoſt following him.

• *Bru.* What doeſt thou ſtill perſue me vgly fend,

Is this it that thou thirſted for ſo much?

Come with thy tearing clawes and rend it out,

Would thy appeaſeles rage be ſlackt with blood,

This ſword to day hath crimſen channels made,

But heare's the blood that thou wouldſ drinke ſo fayne,

Then take this percer, broch this trayterous heart.

Or if thou thinkeſt death to ſmall a payne,

2510

Drag downe this body to proud *Erebus*,

Through black *Cocytus* and infernall *Styx*,

Lethean waues, and fiers of *Phlegeton*,

Boyle me or burne, teare my hatefull fleſh,

Deuoure, conſume, pull, pinch, plague, paine this hart,

Hell craues her right, and heere the furies ſtand,

And all the hell-hounds compaſſe me a round

Each ſeeking for a parte of this ſame prey,

Alaſſe this body is leane, thin, pale and wan,

Nor can it all your hungry mouthes ſuffice,

2520

O tis the ſoule that they ſtand gaping for,

And endleſſe matter for to prey vpon.

Renewed ſtill as *Titius* pricked heart.

Then clap your hands, let Hell with Ioy reſound?

Here it comes flying through this aery round.

Gho. Hell take their hearts, that this ill deed haue done

And vengeance follow till they be ouercome:

Nor liue t' applaud the iuſtice of this deed.

Murther by her owne guilty hand doth bleed.

Enter Diſcord

Diſ. I, now my longing hopes haue their deſire,

2531

The world is nothing but a maſſie heape:

Of bodys ſlayne, The Sea a lake of blood,

The Furies that for ſlaughter only thirſt,

Are with theſe Maſſakers and ſlaughters cloyde,

Tyſiphones pale, and *Megeſas* thin face,

Is

The Tragedy

Is now puffed vp, and swolne with quaffing blood,
Caron that vsed but an old rotten boate
Must nowe a nauie rigg for to transport,
2540 The howling foules, vnto the *Stigian* stronde.
Hell and *Elisium* must be digd in one,
And both will be to litle to contayne,
Numberles numbers of afflicted ghostes,
That I my selfe haue tumbling thither sent.

Gho. Now nights pale daughter since thy bloody ioyes,
And my reuengfull thirst fulfilled are,
Doe thou applaud what iustly heauens haue wrought,
While murder on the murtherers head is brought.

Dis. *Cæsar* I pitied not thy Tragick end:
2550 Nor tyrants daggers sticking in thy heart,
Nor doe I that thy deaths with like repaid,
But that thy death so many deaths hath made:
Now cloyde with blood, Ile hye me downe below,
And laugh to thinke I caused such endlesse woe.

Gho. Sith my reueng is full accomplished,
And my deaths causers by them selues are flaine,
I will descend to mine eternall home,
Where euerlastingly my quiet soule,
The sweete *Elysium* pleasure shall inioy,
2560 And walke those fragrant flowry fields at rest:
To which nor fayre *Adonis* bower so rare,
Nor old *Alcinous* gardens may compare.
There that same gentle father of the spring,
Mild *Zephirus* doth *Odours* breath diuine:
Clothing the earth in painted brauery,
The which nor winters rage, nor Scorching heate,
Or Summers sunne can make it fall or fade,
There with the mighty champions of old time,
And great *Heroes* of the Goulden age,
My dateles houres Ile spend in lasting ioy.

FINIS.